

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917

2007

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917

HOLY WEEK

It has been the custom during these days, consecrated by the remembrance of Christ's Passion, for sovereigns to lay aside their state, and proclaim, before their subjects, the equality of all men when viewed from Mount Calvary. When the Emperor Heraclius recovered from King Chosroes the relics of Golgotha, and bore them himself in triumph to the Holy City, old historians tell us how, arrived at the gate, he found himself, of a sudden, unable to proceed. Then the patriarch, Zachary, who was beside him, spoke to him saying, "You are bearing the Cross shod and crowned, and clad in costly robes; but He who bore it here before you, was bare-foot, crowned with thorns, and meekly attired." Upon hearing which words, the Emperor cast aside his shoes and crown, and all the other regal state, and entered the City to the Church.

In the life of that most amiable and holy princess, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, we have the following account of her practices during these days: "Nothing can express the fervour, love, and pious veneration, with which she celebrated those holy days, on which the Church, by ceremonies so touching, and so expressive, recalls to the mind of the faithful the sorrowful and unspeakable mystery of our redemption. On Holy Thursday, imitating the King of Kings, who on this day, rising from the table, laid aside His garments, the daughter of the King of Hungary, putting off whatever could remind her of worldly pomp, dressed herself in poor clothes, and, with only sandals on her feet, went to visit the different churches. On this day, she washed the feet of twelve poor men, sometimes lepers, and gave to each twelve pieces, a white dress, and a loaf.

During Holy Week, kings were taught to imitate, not only our Saviour's abasement but still more His charity.

PARDON OF CRIMINALS

The Imperial law encouraged, likewise, private individuals to imitate, as far as possible, this practice of sovereign clemency. For Theodosius prescribed that, while every other judicial act should cease during Holy and Easter Week, an exception should be made in favour of all such acts as were necessary for the emancipation of slaves. St. Gregory of Nyssa mentions this practice of manumission to have been a frequent manner of honouring the season commemorative of Our Lord's death and resurrection. At a late period, St. Eligius, the friend of Dagobert, says, in a homily on Maundy Thursday, "Malefactors are pardoned, and the prison gates are thrown open throughout the world." Later, the Kings of France used to pardon, on Good Friday, one prisoner convicted of some crime otherwise unpardonable; and the clergy of Notre Dame, on Palm Sunday, used to liberate another from the prison of the Petit-Chatelot. Howard informs us, that, "in Navarre, the viceroys and magistrates used to repair twice a year to the prisons, at Christmas and eight days before Easter, and released as many prisoners as they pleased. In 1788, they released thirteen at Easter; and some years before they released all." This shows that the indulgence was not judiciously granted, but after a proper investigation.

But still more useful was the influence of mercy, in accordance with the lessons of this time, and the example of Our Saviour, when it served to temper personal and deadly hatred, such as feudal strife was too apt to engender. When Roger de Breteuil had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment, for conspiracy against William the Conqueror, the historian tells us, that when the people of God were preparing to celebrate the festival of Easter, William sent to him in prison a costly suit with precious furs. And, again, when Duke Robert was besieging closely a castle wherein his enemy Balard, had taken refuge, it happened that Balard's clothes were much worn; whereupon he

besought the duke's son to supply him with all that was necessary becomingly to celebrate Easter; so the young nobleman spoke to his father, who ordered him to be provided with new and fair apparel.

When an ancient writer, speaking of the enormous crimes of Gilles Baignart, tells us, that he could not have obtained pardon, "not even on Good Friday," methinks such an expression speaks more powerfully than a volume of instances, on the pleading for mercy, which the solemnity of that day was supposed to make. It seems to say that a man's evil deeds must have been almost fiendish for pardon to have been refused when asked on that day. What a beautiful commentary on the expression does the history of St. John Gualbert make. His only brother, Hugo, had been slain by one whom the laws could not reach. John was young and passionate, and his father urged him to avenge the murder, and wipe off the disgrace of his family. It was in the eleventh century, when such feuds between noble families were not easily quenched; and he determined to do the work of vengeance to the utmost.

It so happened that, on Good Friday, he was riding home to Florence, accompanied by an esquire, when, in a narrow part of the road, he met his adversary alone, so that escape was impossible. John drew his sword, and was about to despatch his unprepared foe, when he, casting himself on his knees, bade him remember that, on that day, Jesus Christ died for sinners, and besought him to save his life for His dear sake. The plea was irresistible. To have split blood on such a day, or to have refused forgiveness, would have been a sacrilege; and the young nobleman not only pardoned his bitter enemy, but, after the example of Christ, who received a kiss from Judas, raised him from the ground and embraced him. And from that happy day began his saintly life.

THROUGH THE YEAR

But this perpetuation, throughout the year, of the feelings which the last days of Holy Week are intended to inspire, is much better and more effectually to be acknowledged in another institution of past ages. The feudal system, however beautiful in many of its principles, was a constant seedbed of animosities and wars. Each petty chief arrogated to himself the rights of sovereignty; and all those passions which disturb great monarchs, revenge, ambition, jealousy, and restlessness, were multiplied in innumerable smaller spheres which occasioned more real suffering to those exposed to their influence than the commotion of larger governments could have caused. The Church, the only authority which unarmed, could throw itself between two foes, and act as a mediating power, essayed in every possible way to bring a love of peace home to men's hearts. But they were men ever eased in steel, on whom lessons of general principles had but little power. Unable to cut up the evil by the roots, it turned its care to rendering it less hurtful, and devised expedients for lessening the horrors, and abridging the calamities of feudal war. For this purpose, it seized upon those religious feelings which I have already shown to have resulted from the celebration of Christ's Passion during Holy Week; and the success was so marked that the pious age in which the experiment was made, hesitate not to attribute it to the interposition of Heaven.

THE TRUCE OF GOD

About the middle of the eleventh century, as a contemporary writer informs us, a covenant, founded upon the love, as well as the fear, of God, was established in Aquitaine, and thence gradually spread over all France. It was of this tenor, that, from the Vespers of Wednesday until Monday at daybreak, no one shall presume to take ought from any man by violence, or to avenge himself of his adversary, or to come down upon a surety for his engagements. Whoever should infringe this public decree must either compound for his life, or being excommunicated, be banished from the country. In this also did all agree, that this compact

shall bear the name of the "Truce of God." There could be no doubt regarding the principle of this important regulation, if its original founders had left us in the dark. The time pronounced sacred, and during which war could not be carried on, is precisely that which the Church occupies in Holy Week in the celebration of Christ's Passion. That the ground of this consecration was this passion has been clearly recorded; but it is plain that the limits thus assigned were not drawn from the actual time during which our Saviour suffered, seeing that He began His pains on Olivet only in the evening of Thursday, but rather from the ecclesiastical period of celebration, which is from the Wednesday afternoon at Tenebrae till Monday following. Not aware of this, several modern authors have fallen into the mistake of shortening by one day this "Truce of God," asserting it to have begun on Thursday evening.

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE

See, then, how the Church extended to the whole year the virtuous effects produced, for the welfare of men, by the offices of Holy Week; and turned the reverence which they excited to good and durable account in promoting the public happiness. What a beneficial influence! For all men could now reckon, in each week, upon four days of security and peace. They could travel abroad, or attend to their domestic affairs, without danger of molestation, shielded by the religious sanction of this sacred convention. The ravages of war were restrained to three days; there was leisure for passion to cool, and for the mind to sicken at a languishing warfare, and long for home.

Nor must it be thought that this law remained a dead letter. The author to whom I have referred proceeds to say that many who refused to observe it were soon punished either by divine judgment, or by the sword of man; "and this," he adds, "most justly; for as Sunday is considered venerable on account of Our Lord's Resurrection so ought Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, through reverence of His Last Supper and Passion, to be kept free of all wicked actions." Then he proceeds to detail one or two striking instances, as they were considered, of Divine vengeance upon transgressors. William the Conqueror acceded to his holy truce, approved by a council of his bishops and barons held in Lillebonne, in 1080. Count Raymond published it at Barcelona; and successive Popes, as Urban II., in the celebrated synod of Clermont, Paschal II., in that of Rome, and particularly Innocent II., and Alexander III., in the first and second Lateran Councils sanctioned and enforced it.

WORTHIER EMPLOYMENT

If the meditation upon Christ's Passion be the worthiest employment of any true Christian, what shall prevent our endeavoring to engage every good feeling and every channel of inward communication, in assisting us to the exercise? Or, who shall fear that we shall thereby fail? When the unfortunate Mary Stuart was upon the scaffold, having prayed for her implacable persecutor, Elizabeth, she held up the Crucifix which she bore, exclaiming, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." Whereupon the Earl of Kent unfeelingly said: "Madam, you had better leave such popish trumperies and bear Him in your heart." Now note her meek and just reply: "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings, but I must at the same time, bear Him in my heart." Who of those two here spake the language of nature? Whom would any one wish most to resemble in sentiment—the fanatic who presided, or the humble queen who suffered at the execution? Sir Thomas Browne is not ashamed to own, that the sight of a Catholic procession has sometimes moved him to tears. Who will say that these were not salutary?—From Cardinal Wiseman.

Even if hopes are doomed to be shattered they cheer and strengthen while they last. And when they are gone others take their place.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

An esteemed subscriber in Edmonton sends us the following account of a conference by Father Ethelbert, a zealous Franciscan missionary. The Edmonton Council is to be congratulated on their prompt acceptance of the practical suggestions therein contained. Other councils could do worse than follow this good example.

Father Ethelbert addressed a crowded meeting of Edmonton Council 1184, Knights of Columbus, in the club rooms, 10209 100th ave., Edmonton, at an open meeting on Wednesday, March 21st, at 8 o'clock p. m. He expressed great satisfaction with the splendid course of lectures conducted by and given to the Knights this winter. He advocated the establishing of a real up-to-date Catholic library. If the Catholics of Edmonton had such a library at their disposal, they could refute falsehoods that appear in certain public newspapers from time to time by presenting the truth. Moral conduct based on sound and solid knowledge is the best. Souls must be fed on truth. Then the work so well begun by the Edmonton Knights of Columbus could be done on a larger scale. A Catholic literary circle ought to be started, and persons could be chosen to select certain good books of real excellence and to present synopsis of these to the circle, pointing out the good features of the books. In this manner the Catholics would become acquainted with these books and could then read them for themselves with a much greater knowledge of and interest in them. To illustrate this point, Father Ethelbert took "The Ballad of the White Horse," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, the great English writer, and synthesized it, calling attention to some of its gems. It was a real treat for everyone present, and no doubt many will secure the book and read it as a consequence of his presentation of it. The club acquiesced in what Father Ethelbert suggested, and steps will probably be taken to carry out the suggestions.

Messrs. T. P. Malone, L. A. Giroux, J. J. Ryan (the Grand Knight), J. J. Triscoll, A. H. Each, and A. J. Mahar commented on the speaker's remarks and agreed with them.

EASTER

"Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here." So the angel announced to those who had come at dawn to renew their vigil at "the place where they had laid Him." Were ever words so brief yet so significant? So vastly so significant that one scarcely knows on what grounds to begin to weigh their significance. They are written across the face of the earth, for each cross that flashes the Easter sunlight echoes the exultation of the resurrection. They are written upon the face of nature that is now palpitating with those mysterious forces which energize the soil beneath us during those days of springtime, that nature's sepulchre may be transferred into nature's throne. They are written across the graves of our dead who have followed their Christ into the "kingdom that is not of this world," who have crossed the bourne from which no traveler has ever returned, save the risen Christ with His message of "faith unto life everlasting." They are written over the gates of the church-yard where our dead are awaiting the final Easter morn, "sleeping" as the Master himself put it, till the angel of judgment will have rolled the stone from each grave of earth, even as the stone was flung back from the sepulchre of Christ on Easter morning. And they are written, those words of the white robed angel, across the pages of history, so clear, so emphatic, that none but the mentally and morally blind can fail to read.

The history of the human race is built upon correlation of cause and effect. It is the story of men, giants of their respective ages, giants of intellect and of will, who have impressed their singular individualities upon their own and subsequent times. It is the story of events collated with the lives of such men, events created by their genius, and endowed by that genius with such potency as to prove the turning point of contemporary history. Those men and those events have shaped the destinies of the race; they have been the hub around which have revolved the wheel of the world's activity. They have been the starting point of each new chapter of world history. They have given to each incoming century its inspiration, the lodestar of its achievements.

Easter turns over thoughts to such a man, and such an event, bids us look upon one figure in the world's history and one event associated with that figure, which stands without the shadow of a parallel in the pathway of the world's progress. We scan the ages that have passed. We look around us upon the day that is passing; the nations that were and the nations that are; the world as it might have been, and the world as it is, and as it has been since the advent of Christ and Christianity.

Everywhere, turn which way we may in the dead past and the living present, in the Orient and the Occident, the Northland and the Southland, it is the Cross on Good Friday, complemented by the empty grave on Easter morn, that has overshadowed all, and blessed all, and vitalized all and glorified all worth while in human achievement. The turning point of history, that Cross and that empty grave marked a new era inaugurated, marked a world resurrected already in potency, with its resurrected Christ, marked the birth of a new world soul to quicken and to energize in the all-pervading spirit of the Godhead, a humanity which ages of paganism had sunk in the torpid abyss of self loathing and self weariness.

Thus for the world at large. To the Catholic the message of Easter rings home as a message of personal victory and vindication. The relation of Catholicism to Christ is peculiarly intimate. The loyalty of the Church towards the Divine Founder, is not a mere memory of a Christ that used to be whose life is chiseled in cold scriptural type. It is a living sentiment of the present. It is the pulse of Catholic life; and the object of that sentiment is not the historic Christ of yesterday, but the Eucharistic Christ of our Catholic altars, not a memory only but an actuality, not an historical but a sacramental Saviour, an Emmanuel, a "God with us," dwelling under the sacramental species, as He dwelt in ignominy upon the cross, and in triumph by the open grave on Easter morn. For His ears the glorious anthems of Easteride, the ringing tones of the "Alleluia" and the "Gloria in excelsis," the new born music of the organ and the altar chimes, hushed through the darkened hours of Holy Week. For His eyes the snow-white vestments symbolic of joy, with their golden tracery of the interwoven vine and wheat, symbolic of His Sacramental abode; for His eyes, the glowing lights, the exquisite flowers—the Catholic heart's tribute resting before the throne of its sacramental Christ—the Catholic mind's credo, offered in nature's choicest tones to the Eucharistic Lord.—The Catholic Vigil.

PRINCE GOLLITZINE AND FATHER GOLLITZIN

Prince D. B. Gollitzine, the Russian statesman, belongs to the group of extreme conservatives. He is head of one of the four noblest families of Russia, a family which once refused the crown and which has been as distinguished in arts and letters as in war and diplomacy. The new premier embodies the military, diplomatic and literary traditions of his family; he is a general of cavalry, has been a member of the Imperial Council, and enjoys a high reputation as a writer of poetry and fiction. The family of Gollitzine, better known in America as "Gallitzin," has an intimate link with Pennsylvania, one member, Prince Dmitri Augustine Gollitzine, a noted missionary, having founded the town of Loretto, in Cambria County, early in the nineteenth century. He was disinherited by order of the Czar on his conversion to Catholicism. The town of Gallitzin, in the same county, is named for him.—Saturday Night.

THE TORONTO BOARD OF CONTROL

It was at this point that Controller Foster intimated that Controller Cameron was not as anxious as he might be to look after the returned soldiers. That brought Controller Cameron to his feet with a thump of his fist on the table which bid fair to split the top in pieces.

"I don't have to stand that sort of talk," he declared, glaring at Controller Foster, his face red with anger. "You know what you can do if you don't like it," replied Controller Foster. "You can get out."

"You are always trying to make capital out of these situations whenever the question of returned soldiers comes up," retorted Controller Cameron, pounding his fist on the table. "You sit there and do nothing yourself but simply impugn the motives of those who do try to help them." Controller Foster, jumping to his feet—"You lie!" "I don't lie!" "You lie! You lie! Take that back," exclaimed Controller Foster, moving around the table behind the Mayor's seat, and confronting Controller Cameron, with clenched fist, his eyes blazing with wrath. "I won't take it back," replied Controller Cameron, doubling his fist, while the Mayor rose from his seat in alarm. The two men stood facing each other, almost too much overcome with passion to articulate, when suddenly Controller Foster completely lost control of himself and struck his opponent in the chest. The blow was not a severe one, but it took Controller Cameron by surprise, and he drew back his fist, with the apparent intention of striking back. "That's enough, gentlemen. It was all a misunderstanding. Stop it

right now," exclaimed the Mayor, forcing his way between the belligerents. "The Board has adjourned."

Controller Cameron turned on his heel and stepped back to his seat. "You old imbecile, sit down," he said to Controller Foster.—The Daily News.

BOURBONS OF BRITAIN

THE RADICALS WILL SMASH REACTIONARIES WHO OPPOSE IRISH SETTLEMENT AND PROGRESSIVE REFORM

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe)
(By Robert Donald, Editor of the Daily Chronicle)

London, March 26.—The lesson of the Russian revolution has not been learnt by the Bourbons of Britain. A compromise electoral scheme has been recommended by a coalition conference, but it is far from being a democratic franchise yet. A section of the Conservatives will oppose it in the House of Commons to-morrow. It is clear that the forceful leadership of Lloyd George is proving irksome to the reactionaries, and they would like to get an election soon on the antiquated register, in the hope of stopping progressive reform. Such people are strangely out of touch with the opinions of the workers and have suffered from a scourge of War, are not going to fit into the old political machine when they return, and will not be tied to the old party shibboleths, but will infuse strong democratic and progressive sentiment into public life. The Russian revolution will not be lost upon them. They will resent the idea embodied in the compromise franchise, that a man should have a vote because of the property he owns, and they will insist that the mass of the people obtain a greater share in the wealth which the nation produces, with a greater part in choosing their Government. If the British Bourbons do not accept the thin end of the wedge represented by this electoral reform scheme to be discussed to-morrow, they will in a few years' time have to take the thick end. It is the only barrier which stands between them and adult suffrage.

HOME RULE INEVITABLE

Britain will be a much more radical country after the War. This is one of the compensations, as a progressive sees it, for the losses which we suffered, and the price we have paid. The same reactionary element which would seek an election on an unrepresentative register, full of plural voters, is opposed to a settlement in Ireland. Such a policy would get little support from the people were they free to express their opinions. The settlement of Ireland on a basis of Home Rule is inevitable. It may be expected in the near future.

While the Prime Minister is in the midst of political factions, he holds himself aloof from them. He is surrounded by colleagues who are now trusted friends, not strictly speaking, political partisans. While there seems to be an attempt to get him to commit himself to reactionary proposals which would compromise his political future, he goes straight forward in the path he marked out for himself, ignoring all party considerations. His own future is of more concern to other people than it is to himself. He is concentrating his faculties and all his energies on the direction and prosecution of the War. Nothing else matters. He is to Great Britain what Lincoln was to the North. His daily task is to get a bit more out of the machinery for running the War and increase by organization the country's capacity to endure.

HOW AN INDIANA SENATOR EJECTED A BIGOT

Senator Joseph M. Hirsch, of Cannellton, figured in a dramatic incident in the Indiana Senate Monday, when he forcibly ejected from the floor of the Senate a leader, who had been passing around an anti-Catholic publication containing vile attacks on Catholics, says Indiana Catholic.

Senator Hirsch was talking to Senator Wulfson when the emissary of the spirit of bigotry handed Senator Wulfson the vile paper. Wulfson, who is not a Catholic, tore the sheet up in anger and said, "That fellow has been passing this stuff around here, what right has he on the Senate floor?"

Senator Hirsch rose and called the attention of Lieutenant Governor Bush to the matter.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The membership of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society of New York has passed the 50,000 mark.

On the first anniversary of his enthronization as Archbishop of Chicago, Most Rev. Dr. Mundelein issued a pastoral in twelve languages.

Mrs. Catherine Cudahy, of Chicago, Ill., widow of Michael Cudahy, meat packer, has been made a papal countess by Pope Benedict XIV., it was announced officially.

Mrs. Ida Miriam Aylward of Glen Ridge, N. J., wife of the famous artist and illustrator, was received into the Church at Graymoor, N. Y., recently. She was formerly a Congregationalist.

Word has been received in Denver that Mrs. Olga Hirsch Guggenheim, wife of Hon. Simon Guggenheim, former United States Senator from Colorado, and smelter magnate, has been received into the Church in New York.

The Right Rev. William T. Russell, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, was consecrated Bishop of Charleston in the Cathedral of Baltimore, March 15, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, officiating. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Wheeling.

Berne, March 22.—Switzerland is looking up. The reception into the Church is reported of no fewer than seven Protestant theological students at Lausanne. And in Geneva—Calvin's Geneva—it is estimated that there are now more Catholics than Protestants.

The Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., president of St. Francis Xavier's College, Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected president of the Association of College Presidents in New York State at a recent meeting in Albany. There are 42 members in the association and they meet annually to discuss matters of interest to educators.

Pope Benedict has received an autograph letter from the Empress Zita of Austria, informing him that open Italian towns and cities will no longer be bombarded by Austrian aviators. When the Austrian Emperor replied evasively to repeated protests against the bombing of Venice and other Italian cities, the Pontiff finally addressed his requests to the Empress.

It is announced that the Rev. Dr. Zahn has given his famous collection of books on South America to Notre Dame University. An entire room in the new library has been reserved for these books. For many years Notre Dame has registered a proportionate number of Latin-Americans among her students, and also a number of Mexicans. Notre Dame University will celebrate its diamond jubilee in June.

Rome, March 22.—At the Papal Consistory today Pope Benedict XV. named the Right Rev. Peter James Muldoon, D. D., Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles. The See of Los Angeles has been vacant since the death of Bishop Conaty in September 1915, and the names of many prominent priests and prelates have been mentioned as likely successors till all doubt had been removed by the appointment of Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois.

Two boys from St. John Preparatory School, Danvers, Mass., won the appointments for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, receiving the two highest places in the competitive examinations for appointment. The examinations were conducted by the Civil Service Board of the Post Office building in Boston. Francis J. Riley, Roxbury, Mass., finished first with a ranking of 9.6%, and Louis G. McGlone, also of Roxbury, finished second with the fine average of 9.0%. The third rating was 7.5%, and a margin of over 15% between the second and third.

A wonderful impression was recently made on the citizens of New Orleans when approximately 1000 colored men, pledged to the interests of all the great aims and ideals for which the Holy Name society stands, held their first demonstration and rally under the auspices of the Diocesan Union of the Holy Name societies. Each division was preceded by standard-bearers with large American and Papal flags and Holy Name banners. Their earnest mien, manly bearing and deep respect as they bore aloft the banners of God showed their earnest conviction and the true purposes animating their lives.

Two Eskimos, charged with murdering Reverend Jean Baptiste Rouvire and Reverend Guillaume Leroux, Catholic missionaries, in the Bear Lake region, east of Fort Norman, in the winter of 1913-1914, are prisoners at Herschel Island and will be brought to Fort McPherson later, according to a dispatch from Dawson, in the Yukon. News of the murder was brought to Herschel Island two years ago by a big game hunter who found a band of Eskimos wearing the gowns, crucifixes and vestments of Catholic priests. On investigation it was found that the missionaries were missing. The priests were natives of France and about thirty-five years old.

of his tenure to a place as serene as St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth into some freak or devilry that would argue the want, to some the impossibility, of any seriousness in his character.

As Mrs. McMullen approached the house she heard the children screaming in the rear of the woodshed. "You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps, Mrs. McMullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a horrible slaughter. Tied together to the back door-step lay little Jimmie and Kittie Malone, their eyes protruding in horror, while off a few feet was the redoubtable Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a saw as he did a war dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint preparatory to executing his wrath on the children.

"Michael Paul McMullen—what in the name of Heaven are you up to?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Nothing, ma," confessed the peering, though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents who don't love you and—" Ten minutes after the Malone children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. Malone knew from lusty "yellouction" in the woodshed that one child of Christian parents was experiencing the strength of his mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent a wonderful change came over Mickey; whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations she cherished for him or whether the willow branch was the strongest argument, it is hard to say—perhaps both made deep impressions on him. Perhaps, too, he had been sobered by the fact that his mother had received a slight stroke of paralysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and as he never missed a practise for the servers, even Father O'Rourke began to think there might perhaps be something in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got his part down fine. There was to be a Solemn High Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true, there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke,—if he couldn't have a deacon and a subdeacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing a master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, moreover, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censor) that he expected to fill up with income whatever rubrical voids there might otherwise be in the Easter ceremonies.

Mickey was now an adept in his peculiar line of service; he could swing the censor to a perilous arc without upsetting its contents; he could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achievements to be given to Father Hugh's Night after night. Mickey's mother, through a pair of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached from weariness; and now Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and delight was in mending and pressing the slightly frayed cassock that Mickey was to wear and in "doing up" his surplice; for it was the historic practice at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices washed and ironed. No boy in the sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than Mickey.

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a golden-tongued lily, and Mickey thought as he stood beside the wash-basin in the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall. "Hurry up now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning—" "There's about two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather well-worn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked as he fastened his father's large linked watch-chain in his waistcoat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial cross."

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish-pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At half-past nine, after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handsome, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make him.

"You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. McMullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, ruining in a moment the effects of half an hour's arduous labor she threw both arms around Mickey and gathered him to her heart in the true mother way.

"That's all right, ma," spoke Mickey, reassuredly, as he caught a moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearin' the two-story hat yeb, before I get the long-distance call."

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently over his banter, and murmured: "Your father would be a proud man this day," and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment and then sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke."

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the "head acolyte"; "candles by the hundreds,"—"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to look unconcerned. One alone was disturbed; aloof, in dignity removed as it were, wearing the thurifer's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of a clock, the clicking censor swinging before him with pendulum-like regularity. Off to one side he stood, in office at least the envy, if not in native appearance the admiration of half the boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and Father Hugh came in to vest. Within, the organist was insinuating a *Vidi Aquam* which Father O'Rourke caught up and practised sotto voce. "Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the door half an inch. "Yes, Father," was his judgment after a minute.

"Line up, boys; thurifer, to the front."

"Please, Father," Mr. Malone broke hesitatingly into the sacristy, "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once."

"Dying!" exclaimed Father O'Rourke.

"My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let me say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen."

"Stepping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under the roof. "It's me that isn't worthy, Michael, dear, pray for your mother. God speed ye back to my soul. Michael, come closer, a-honey; what's this the censor, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

"Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes but almost automatically his arms brought the censor up as the rubrics demand of the thurifer when he kneels at the Elevation.

The odor of the fresh budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rose under the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace breathed over Mrs. McMullen's plain, lined face as her eyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, asthore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

"There was no 'Solemn High' Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but there will be one there tomorrow, and Mickey" will officiate, wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT TRIBUTE

Sir Robert Hart, a Protestant writer, says of our apostles in China: "The Roman Catholic missionaries have done a great work both in spreading the knowledge of one God and one Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect unity in teaching and practice and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The

Roman Catholics were the first in the field; they are the most widely spread and they have the largest number of followers:

"That the Chinese converts do not deserve the nick-name of 'Rice-Christians' is proved by the religious zeal of the well-instructed neophytes during the times of persecution, the large number of daily communicants, and by the substantial help they contribute according to their means toward the building of churches, schools and hospitals."—St. Paul Bulletin.

EASTER REFLECTIONS

Henry S. Spalding, S. J.

Some years ago there was exhibited in Chicago a panoramic picture of the Passion. It was truthful, artistic and devotional. From a vantage point the visitor saw beneath him rocks and roads and battlements, nor could the eye distinguish where the artificial stones and trees, and thorny shrubby gave way to or were intermingled with the work of the painter's brush. The perspective was perfect; the conception grand; the subject sublime. Facing the city of Jerusalem with its dark and forbidding walls one saw to the left the hill of Calvary, the three crosses, the small group of devout followers, the scolding and triumphant priests and Pharisees, the Roman soldiers.

But to the right and rear as far as the eye could reach were groups of men and tents and camels. What were the actions of this great crowd of people? What were their thoughts? Were they making any effort to draw near to Calvary? Were they conscious that the greatest event of history was transpiring before their eyes, that their redemption was being wrought? Little dreamed they that the prophecies of the Old Testament were being fulfilled, that the promised One of Israel was there before them, that they could turn their gaze and behold the long expected One! Strange blindness and indifference of the chosen children of God! By far the greater part of the populace were ignorant of and indifferent to the wonderful tragedy that was being enacted.

As it was then, so it is today. By far the greater number of men are ignorant of the facts of the Passion, of the suffering and death of Christ for the sins of the world.

The Jews who cared nothing for Christ's death, cared nothing for His resurrection. As His passion had brought no sorrows, His resurrection brought no joys. So it was with the world then, so it is today. Only those who know the real joys of Easter, who have sorrowed with Christ during His passion; and these are few when compared with the indifferent, thoughtless multitude. As on that eventful Friday afternoon men within view of Calvary were as ignorant and indifferent as the very camels loitering around the tents, so today thousands around the tents, so today are as unconscious of the Christ as mute beasts of burden. Strange apathy of the world then; strange apathy of the world today!

What was there in the lives of those who camped at the very foot of Calvary that they should know nothing of the awful sacrifice on its heights? What was there in the lives of those of the very city that blinded them to the realities of the accomplishment of the prophecies in regard to the promised One of Israel? Whatever the causes, most of them were equally blind to the facts of the resurrection. In Christian art the synagogue is represented by a figure that is blindfolded, by a figure that is near the cross but does not recognize the mystery of the death of Christ. In this same Christian art the Church is represented as holding a chalice beneath the sacred wound to catch the life giving blood of the Divine Victim.

Are you of the vast crowd of the indifferent? When the bell for Lenten services rang, did you close your ears to its sound and summons? When others knelt to kiss the crucifix on Good Friday, were you among the sorrowing friends of Jesus? Were you like the thoughtless visitors to Jerusalem who camped beneath the foot of Calvary and did not know that they had but to lift their eyes and see the loving Victim of the sins of the world? If such was your attitude during Lent and Holy Week, the true joys of the resurrection will not be yours. You have not wept with Christ and with Him you will not rejoice; you have not suffered with Jesus and with Him you will not partake of the glories of the resurrection! Easter could have but little meaning to those who have not sorrowed on Good Friday.

The real enemies of Christ were few, but they thought that their victory was complete. Had they not stood beneath the cross and watched Christ expire in the most terrible agony? Had they not heard His fruitless cry for help? Had they not seen the lifeless body taken from the gibbet? Was not that lifeless Form guarded by the soldiers of the law? Was not this triumph complete? True, there had been strange events! The sky had been darkened, the veil of the temple had been rent, and the graves had given up their dead. Strange things, these happenings! But all was over now, and Christ's enemies were triumphant.

As it was said of Christ so has it been said of His Church. Time and again have those who were wise in their foolishness predicted the end of the Church of Christ. They have granted that it accomplished great things in its long and checkered history. But now, say they, it is to pass away and be forgotten with the other institutions of the past. While they yet hope and prophecy, the Church comes forth from obscurity and persecution even as its Founder rose in splendor and glory on that first Easter morning.

Oh fearful, timid soul, learn from this lesson. When into your life comes a shadow, when some sorrow or cross or temptation or disappointment is yours, remember the temporary victory of Christ's enemies, the trials of the saints, the persecution of the Church; but above all remember the glories, the joys of the resurrection. Let us turn for a moment's consideration to the friends of Christ. New remained faithful during the trying hours of the passion, and few participated in the joys of the resurrection. It will never be given to us weaker mortals to understand those supernatural joys of Christ's Mother on that first Easter morning! And yet from our own experience we can form some idea of her greater participation in these heavenly delights. That glorious glorified body of Christ, which is to be the delight of saints through an eternity, appeared to Mary on the first Easter morning. The visit brought delights that more than compensated for the days of anguish; that vision of rapturous beauty inundated her soul with a heavenly joy; and that presence of her risen Son brought unto her an ecstatic delight and love never before experienced on earth.

But the resurrection and Easter are not things of the past. Their glories and their joys have come down the centuries to us as followers of Christ. Oh! we can never repay Christ sufficiently for calling us to be His chosen followers. We are not among those who cried for His death; we are not among those who were indifferent; we are His chosen friends. If by our unfaithfulness we have imitated Peter, we like him have repented. We glory in being the friends of Christ, His chosen friends. We have sorrowed with Him in His suffering and we rejoice with Him in His glorious resurrection.

Tell me, Christian soul, would you exchange the supernatural delights of religion for the grosser joys of the world? Would you give the peace of a good conscience for anything that the world could bestow? Has not Easter brought to you an un-speakable love and quiet and hope and joy that nothing else can give?

A short time ago I knelt in the old church where I made my first communion, where I served as an altar boy. I remember well the feeling that often came over me when, after evening services, I extinguished the candles; and as one by one they went out and left the church in a mystic twilight, I felt a peace and joy down in my soul that the world could never give.

If our thoughts are upon the feasts of the Church, if as these feasts come we prepare for them, if we are in sympathy with the spirit of the feasts, they must bring a reciprocal reward to us.

The special spirit and reward of Easter is hope in our own resurrection, the time when our bodies will rise clothed in immortality and resplendent like the glorified body of Christ. May Easter be to you a time of such supernatural joy. Its flowers, its music, its peace, its joy—all are but the faintest shadows of the final, glorious resurrection.—Chicago New World.

THE RESURRECTION

O Risen Lord, in shining whiteness clad!
O Glorious Christ! Thy countenance of light
Dawn like a gleam of hope from doubt of night,
And with its radiance all the world is glad.
What now can cause Thy people to be sad?
Their King has forced death's gates.
The withering blight
Of sin is checked. No more wrong stifles right,
Nor with satanic sneer commands what grace forbade.
Rabboni, through Thy victory, faith is strong;
My Lord in conquering death has conquered me.
To whom but to a God could power belong
To live in death? Could frail mortality
Bring light from darkness? Raise then faith's song,
Hail, Mighty God, Strong God, from bondage free!
—J. T. McGNORRY, S. J.

ROMANTIC SCOTCH CONVERSIONS

It were much to be wished (writes a convert) that someone thoroughly intimate with the facts of the case—and none could do it better than some one of the clergy who were among his intimate friends—should write a narrative of the romantic circumstances of the conversion of the late Lord Ralph Kerr and of his brother, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, still happily with us. The story of how his mother, the Marchioness of Lothian, herself a convert planned the withdrawal of her two boys from the guardianship of a Protestant tutor, and under cover of night drove them away in a carriage from Newbattle, and secured their upbringing in the Catholic Faith, would make quite a thrilling narrative. It closely resembles that of the

A Daily Treat— Always Acceptable and Delicious.

"SALADA"

The Tea of all Teas. E 152

Black, Green or Mixed } Get a package and enjoy a cup of Tea "In Perfection".

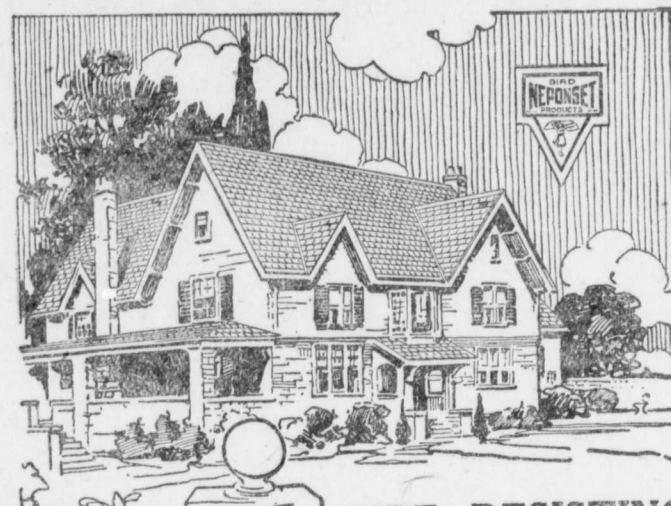
late Marchioness of Queensbury, who to secure that her children should be rescued from Protestant influence and training actually engineered and carried out a flight to France, where her two sons (one of whom is now Canon Lord Archibald Douglas of Girvan) and a daughter were educated as Catholics—a bold stroke which, as some of the ancients among us will remember, almost led to a diplomatic quarrel between the French and British Governments. The bigotry and bitterness prevailing at that time rendered such drastic measures necessary to save the souls of the young. It is worth recalling that, falling a direct heir to the present Marquis of Lothian, who is unmarried

and has long been an invalid, the title and estates fall to the family of Lord Ralph Kerr.—Glasgow Observer.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.

Some hundred colored and perfumed leaves are required to form a rose; and many joys to constitute happiness.—Queen Carmen Sylvia.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—G. S. Merriam.



FIRE-RESISTING ECONOMICAL! DURABLE!

Can you imagine a more handsome roofing than this? Neponset Twin Shingles have the look of well-laid, substantial shingles, but by actual tests in comparison with wooden shingles, tin, asbestos tiles, and slate, Neponset Twin Shingles offer the greatest protection when a fire is in the neighbourhood. Made of the same materials as the famous Paroid Roofing.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

LOOKS The colors, form, size and slate finish of Neponset Twin Shingles make the ideal roof—roof that commands admiration. FIRE-RESISTANCE On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmlessly. Approved by the Board of Fire Underwriters.

BIRD & SON, Dept. L.C. Hamilton, Ont. The Largest Manufacturers of Roofings, Wall Board and Roofing Felts in Canada. Warehouses—Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John.



WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

TORONTO'S FAMOUS HOTEL THE WALKER HOUSE Geo. Wright & Co. - Proprietors

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows LONDON, CANADA

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—K. Venning.

STANDARD LIBRARY

NEW JUVENILES

35c. Each, Postpaid 50 Copies, \$15.00 100 " 28.00

- Jacques Coeur. By M. Cordellier Delanoue. (In all the dramatic and story scenes in French History during the 15th Century, there is no more striking figure than that of Jacques Coeur, whose wonderful career fills so large a chapter in the history of Charles VIII, 1494.) 212 pages.
Jean Bart, A Thrilling Tale of the Sea. By Frederick Koenig. (A story that will read with considerable interest, especially by boys who ever delight in stories of heroism and exploits at sea.)
Knight of Bloumenfeld, The And Other Stories (From "The Ave Maria") (A collection of tales and sketches by various hands, containing every diversity of character and style, but all alike in their purity of tone and purpose. Small 286 pages.
Menschikov, Or The Peasant Prince, A Tale of Russia. By Paul D'Aveine. (This beautiful story is one that can be placed in the hands of the young with the assurance that the moral to be drawn from it will be a great factor in properly tagging the character of the young reader.) 322 pages.
Moor of Granada, By Henry Guinot. A Catholic Historical Romance which the young reader has a glimpse of the most romantic cities, with descriptions of the warring of the Moors, which disturbed the peace of the world even during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. 374 pages.
Ghost at Our School, The, and Other Stories. By Marion J. Brunow. Selected from "The Ave Maria." There are in all ten stories, just the kind to interest and delight the young reader.
That Stamp, Or The Days of Decatur in Tripoli. By John J. O'Shea. Containing 12 illustrations. A Tale of the Sea. Very interesting for boys.
Truth and Trust. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Containing six short stories such as our young readers always admire.
Mabel Stanhope. By Kathleen O'Meara. A Story of French Custom. Very interesting for girls.
Rosemary. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A Tale of the Fire of London. A good moral Catholic tale.
Edith. By Lady Herbert. A Tale of the Present Day. The scene is laid in England, telling the many trials of Edith through life, her marriage and discontent, after which she became a Sister of Charity and finally a Mother Superior.
Cousins the Rose of the Algonquins. By Anna H. Dorsey. An Indian story dealing with thrilling adventures of the early French Missionaries in Canada. Father Etienne's unceasing efforts in persuading "Cousins to embrace Christianity." 310
Rose of Tannenberg. Having been brought up and educated by her good parents, Rose loses her mother through death, and is separated from her father, she starts in search of a situation as servant in the castle of the Enemy, and the account of her experience and hardships make the book one of great interest.
Elaine. By Madame Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Margaret Fuller. An exceedingly interesting story of Catholic Life in France, telling of the many good works of Elaine for the poor and afflicted.
Fair Maid of Connaught. The, and other Tales for Catholic Youth, by Kate Duval Hughes. This book contains ten stories of great interest, which always delight the boys and girls. The work is most especially designed for young Catholics. Cardinal Gibbons, by the author.
Old Gay Rosary. "Refuge of Sinners" by Anna H. Dorsey. The scene is laid in Virginia. Faith is given to our readers, both young and old.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

60c. Each Postpaid 50 Copies, \$22.50 (6) 100 " 44.00

- Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, by Rev. Geo. Tackett, S. J.
Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Ven. Mary of Jesus of Agreda.
Dove of the Tabernacle, or the Love of Jesus in the Most Holy Eucharist, by Rev. T. H. Kieran.
Duty of a Christian Towards God, by St. John the Baptist De La Salle. Here, nothing is left unexplained or point unnoticed, of all the grand and beautiful systems of religion, from the most sublime mysteries of our Faith, to the simplest and most trivial practices of devotion.
Great Saints, by John O'Connell. Over thirty saints, including the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, St. Agnes, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columba, St. Francis Xavier, etc. Beautifully illustrated.
Interior Mission of The Holy Ghost by Cardinal Manning.
Irish Martyrs, by D. P. Conyngham, LL.D.
Irish Saints from St. Patrick to Lawrence O'Toole, by D. P. Conyngham, LL.D.
Life of St. Monica, by M. M. Labreouge. Vicar General of Orleans, by the French, by Rev. Anthony Fahey.
Life of St. Paul of The Cross, by the Rev. Father Fius, Passionist.
Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by St. Bonaventure. With 200 engravings.
Maidens of Hallowed Names, Embracing the lives of St. Agnes, St. Gertrude, St. Rose of Lima, St. Catherine, St. Genevieve, St. Teresa, St. Cecilia, etc. By Rev. Charles Piccolino S. J.
Martyrs. The. This is the famous history of the last persecutions of the Christians at Rome, by Viscount de Chateaubriand.
Martyrs of the Olive-wood, or Historical Records of the Great Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.
Our Lady of Lourdes, by Henry Lasserre. A complete history of the apparition, together with a number of authentic miracles performed at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, by Rev. M. Joseph.
Popular Life of St. Teresa, by Rev. M. Joseph.
Sin and its Consequences, by Cardinal Manning.
St. Aloysius Gonzaga of the Society of Jesus, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.
St. Alphonsus M. Liguori, Bishop of Agatha by Bishop Mullock.
St. Angela Merici, with history of the Order of St. Ursula in Ireland, Canada and the United States, by John Gilmary Shea.
St. Augustine, Bishop, Professor and Doctor of the Church, by Rev. P. E. Morarty, O. S. A.
St. Benedict the Monk, the first of a slave. From the French of Canon M. Allibert.
St. Bernard, by M. L'Abbe Rostkowski.
St. Charles Borromeo. Edited by Edward Healey Thompson.
St. Catherine of Siena, by Blessed Raymond of Capua.
St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, by Rev. Father Guaranze.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by Montalembert.
St. Francis of Rome, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, with an essay on the saint's life.
St. Francis of Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva, by Robert Ormsby, M. A.
St. Francis Assisi, Saint Reformers. By Rev. Leo L. Dubos.
St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, by Bartoli. Two volumes, 50c. each.
Xavier, Peter Faber, Simon Rodriguez, etc.
St. John Berchmans of the Society of Jesus, and miracles after his death, by Father Poggio S. J.
St. Joseph. From the French of Abbe Boullan.
St. Margaret of Cortona. Translated from the Italian by John Gilmary Shea.
St. Mary of Egypt. The example and model of a true penitent.
St. Patrick, by Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton.
St. Rose of Lima. By Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D.
St. Stanislaus Kostka of the Society of Jesus, by Edward Healey Thompson.
St. Thomas of Villanova.
St. Teresa. Written by herself. Translated by Rev. Canon Kelly.
St. Vincent de Paul, by Rev. Henry Bedford.
Temporal Mission of The Holy Ghost by Cardinal Manning.
True Devotion to The Blessed Virgin, by the Blessed Louis-Marie de Glignon. Translated and annotated from the French by Rev. Frederick Wm. Faber, D. D.
True Religion and Its Dogmas. The, by Rev. Nicholas Russo, formerly Professor of Philosophy in Boston College.
Veteran Council, and its Definitions, by Cardinal Manning.
Victims of The Mammerine. Picturing the trials and martyrdom of the saints of the early Church. By Rev. J. O'Reilly, D. D.
Year With The Saints. A Short meditation for each day throughout the year, on different virtues with examples of the saints.
Year of Mary. Seventy-two chapters on exercises of devotion to the Mother of God.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, R. A. Thomas Coffey, L.L. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Pellicani and Shevetti, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent St. Cox, and Miss Helen O'Connor, Resident agents: George B. Hewitson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bride Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 226-8th ave West, Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Johnson, 211 Rochester st., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKeaney, 146 D'Arcy street, Quebec; Mrs. George E. Smith, 299 St. Ursula street, Montreal; M. J. Mervin, Montreal; B. P. O'Toole, 197 Montague St., Regina, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give full address as well as new address.

In the U.S.A. single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Byrne, and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Brussels street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Milroy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917

THE CITIZEN AND SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

Recently we quoted a fearless and outspoken editorial of the Ottawa Citizen on the Irish question. If a later editorial in the same paper is from the same pen the writer has become curiously befuddled as to the facts of the case, and is now apparently convinced that the proper thing for Irishmen to do is to aim at nothing in particular, but to shoot up the landscape generally. It bears, we are inclined to think, the earmarks of another member of the staff who sees in "clericalism" the deadly foe to all freedom of thought and human progress which would otherwise usher in the millennium and cure all the ills that flesh is heir to by single tax on land values.

When he runs amok it is not easy to follow him. His concluding paragraph will give some idea of the difficulty:

"Irish spokesmen in Canada are speaking out against the Imperial government's policy of oppression in Ireland; and so it should be denounced, just as much as the late Russian government's treatment of Finland, or the German government's of Poland. When, however, are the Canadian champions of Ireland ever so bold as to speak out regarding junkerdom nearer home? Land monopoly and financial imperialism have been fastened upon Canada. Whether it is designated a duke or a trust company, as a land syndicate or a railway franchise, whether calling itself Russian or German or Imperial or Canadian, it is junkerdom; and there is plenty of it in Canada to provide texts for champions of liberty and justice."

Well call it a duke for short. Dukes are not common in Canada, though it must be admitted that we are rapidly approaching that bad eminence. So it is perhaps just as well that we get after a duke "whether it calls itself Russian or German or Imperial or Canadian." A duke! While giving him every latitude so far as nationality is concerned, thus avoiding any charge of being personal, let us boldly proclaim of the duke—"it is junkerdom." Now what are we to do with the duke? The champions of liberty and justice are looking for leadership.

The Citizen has unlimited admiration for Sir Horace Plunkett though its information is limited to some vague notions as to his work which the Citizen writer is quite convinced he carried on in spite of the opposition or culpable indifference of "clericalism and political parties."

Sir Horace Plunkett is a great patriotic, thorough-going Irishman whose name is associated with a movement that has done wonders in the regeneration of agricultural Ireland. He is a Unionist and a Protestant; two other branches of the family are Catholic, to one of which belong the victims of that name of the Easter Rising a year ago. Sir Horace is none the less Irish because of difference of religion and politics. But to look upon Sir Horace Plunkett as having initiated and carried out this movement singlehanded, as it were, and even in spite of "organized clericalism" and "the Nationalist political machine" is grossly to overstate the important work he was instrumental in accomplishing, indeed absurdly to misrepresent a work which was and is based fundamentally and essentially on cooperation.

The bureaucratic government of Ireland consists of an endless number of Boards—forty five or more. The Board of Agriculture had the unique distinction of coming into being on the demand of the Irish people them-

selves, designed by Irishmen to meet Irish needs. Its success is one of the unanswerable arguments for Home Rule.

In 1895, on the invitation of Horace Plunkett, a committee was nominated by the leaders of the various Irish parties. These nominees were to invite to join them any Irishmen whose capacity, knowledge or experience might be of service to the Committee irrespective of the political party or religious persuasion to which they might belong. "Mr. John Redmond," writes Sir Horace Plunkett, "joined the Committee and acted throughout in a manner which was broad, statesmanlike, conciliatory, and as generous as it was courageous."

"Truly," continues Sir Horace, "it was a strange council over which I had the honor to preside. All shades of politics were there—Lords Mayo and Montague, Mr. Dane and Sir Thomas Lea, (Tories and Liberal Unionist Peers and Members of Parliament) sitting down beside Mr. John Redmond and his parliamentary followers. It was found possible, in framing proposals fraught with moral, social, and educational results to secure the cordial agreement of the late Rev. Dr. Kane, Grand Master of Belfast Orangemen, and of the eminent Jesuit educationist, Father Thomas Finlay, of the Royal University. The O'Conor Don, the able Chairman of the Financial Relations Commission, and Mr. John Ross, M. P., now one of His Majesty's Judges, both Unionists, were balanced by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mr. T. C. Harrington, M. P., both Nationalists. . . . Mr. T. P. Gill (Nationalist) besides undertaking investigation of the utmost value into State aid to agriculture in France and Denmark, acted as Hon. Secretary to the Committee of which he was a member."

In a year's time, August 1896, the Committee issued a Report recommending a new Department of Government with a minister directly responsible to Parliament at its head. Before the end of the year (1896) a deputation, representing all the leading agricultural and industrial interests of the country, waited upon the Irish Government, to press upon them the urgent need of the new department. It was not until April 1900, however, that the plan was put into effect, with Sir Horace Plunkett, the first President of the new Board, the first minister of an Irish Department of government directly responsible to Parliament. "When a Nationalist member met a Tory member of the Recess Committee he laughed over the success with which they had wheedled a measure of Industrial Home Rule out of a Unionist government."

This is the genesis of the Irish Department of Agriculture as told by Sir Horace Plunkett himself. Wherein does he indicate "the obstruction and undermining tactics from the Nationalist political machine."

Let Sir Horace continue to tell the story:

"The very nature of the work which the Department was called into existence to accomplish made it absolutely essential that it should keep in touch with the classes whom the work would most immediately affect and without whose cooperation no lasting good could be achieved. The machinery for this purpose was provided by the establishment of a Council of Agriculture and two Boards, one of the latter being concerned with agriculture, rural industries and inland fisheries, the other with technical instruction. . . . The Council of Agriculture consists of two members appointed by each County Council (Cork being regarded as two counties, and returning two members), making in all sixty-eight persons. The Department also appoint one from each county. . . . The advisory powers of the Boards are very real, for the expenditure of all moneys out of the Endowment funds is subject to their concurrence. Hence they might largely force their own views upon the Department by refusing to sanction the expenditure of money upon any of the Department's proposals until these were so modified as to be practically their own proposals. It is therefore clear that the machinery can only work harmoniously and efficiently so long as it is moved by the right spirit. . . . I need not fear contradiction at the hands of a single member of either Board when I say that up to the present, perfect harmony has been shown throughout. The utmost consideration has been shown by the Boards for the difficulties which the Department had to overcome."

Sir Horace is eloquent in praise of the hearty cooperation of all classes of the people. He would not have been surprised if the average man had regarded it as "Another Castle Board" and pass on with a shrug. But the Irish people "were never for a moment in doubt as to its real

meaning and purpose. They meant to make it their own and utilize it for the uplifting of their country." From the first there was a "torrent of business" which later made orderly channels for itself.

Now just a word more from Sir Horace on what the Citizen calls "organized clericalism."

"And if my optimism ever wavers, I have but to think of the noble work that many priests are doing, often in remote and obscure parishes, in the teeth of innumerable obstacles. I call to mind at such times, as pioneers in the great awakening, men like the eminent Jesuit, Father Thomas Finlay, Father Hegarty of Erris, Father O'Donovan of Loughrea, and many others—men with whom I have worked and taken counsel, and who represent an ever increasing number of their fellow priests."

"I may mention that of the co-operative societies organized by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society there are no fewer than 331 societies of which the local priests are Chairmen, while to my own knowledge during the summer and autumn of 1902, as many as 50,000 persons from all parts of Ireland were personally conducted over the exhibit of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction at the Cork Exhibition by their local clergy. Again, in a great number of cases the village libraries which have been recently started in Ireland with the assistance of the Department (the books consisting largely of industrial, economic, and technical works on agriculture), have been organized and assisted by the Roman Catholic clergy."

All this is found in Sir Horace Plunkett's book, "Ireland and the New Century," published three years after the Department of Agriculture came into operation.

In due course Sir Horace went out with the Government of which he was a member, but the work went right on. Father Finlay, S. J., is still the soul of the I. A. O. S., which is the life and inspiration of the whole work. Organized clericalism and Nationalist politicians are still working faithfully and zealously to promote and perpetuate the good work. And Sir Horace, in 1912, then many years an outsider, wrote in the Atlantic Monthly:

"So far we have about a thousand farmers' cooperative associations, with nearly a hundred thousand members, mostly heads of families, and consequently embracing nearly half a million of the population. The actual turnover for 1909 was about twelve million dollars. We regard the movement as being only in its infancy."

"I could cite instances where agricultural cooperative associations, composed of individuals generally regarded as hopelessly unprogressive have displayed in business, in politics, and in the promotion of education, qualities which, if applied to the more opulent circumstances of the agricultural community in the United States, would place American farming in a higher position than it occupies to-day."

The whole story is well worth the Citizen's study. It has its lessons for Canada. The insignificant little clash of political ideals, in which Sir Horace Plunkett's party thought to kill Home Rule by kindness, does not deprive the story of lessons which the most patriotic Canadian might be proud to see learned and applied in Canada. The anti-clerical, the anti-Irish, the anti-Home Ruler will search in vain for any argument for his favorite thesis in Sir Horace Plunkett's experience in Ireland.

A POST-WAR PROBLEM

Prince Albert, Sask., March 29.—Practically every window in the front of the Prince Albert police station is broken as the result of an attack upon it by about 150 soldiers of the local battalion last night, in resentment for frequent arrests and fining of the men of the battalion for violations of the liquor act. The men surrounded the building and threw sticks of wood from a nearby pile through the windows. Eventually Lieut. Col. J. E. Bradshaw, M. L. A., and Major Smith succeeded in restoring order. The trouble is the culmination of a series of arrests of soldiers by the city police and the infliction of heavy fines. In many cases the soldiers claim the evidence was flimsy and the penalties unwarranted. Lieut. Col. Bradshaw and the other officers of the battalion are emphatic in the denunciation of the treatment handed out to the soldiers by the police."

To reflecting people it has often occurred that when the War is over and the many millions of fighting men return to their respective countries there will be short work made of the injustices and inequities of pre-war conditions. Men who have endured the hell of modern warfare will not cover before a policeman's baton. Men who were called upon or compelled to die if necessary for their country are going to demand a right to live decently in that country. There may be, there probably will be,

excesses on the part of returned soldiers in the assertion of what they conceive to be their rights. The despatch from Prince Albert, above quoted, may be an example. Lawlessness can not be tolerated; but the country will be none the worse in the end for the virile influence of four hundred thousand returned soldiers dispersed throughout the length and breadth of the land. In this instance it is worthy of note that it is not merely the common soldiers, in whose ranks there might be lawless individuals, but "Lieut. Col. Bradshaw and the other officers, who are emphatic in their denunciation of the treatment handed out to the soldiers by the police." It used to be considered right and proper to object to paternal legislation as incompatible with our political ideals; now maternal government is growing in favor in Canada. Men who have fought the battle of freedom in Europe will resent being tied to the W. C. T. U. apron strings in Canada. Nor will they allow the R. I. C. spirit to govern police action.

THE BRITISH BOURBONS

In the interest of peace and good will between the peoples of Ireland and England, to prevent a natural feeling of resentment on the part of the Irish race everywhere against England's unfair and unjust treatment of Ireland developing into an antipathetic prejudice alike to both races, and to the best interests of civilization, we have never ceased to keep before our readers the vital distinction between the people of England and the English ruling classes.

We make no apology for again reproducing the following extract from an article by the eminent English author, Mr. H. G. Wells:

"You are proposing to loosen the grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs; and you propose it as though it were a job as easy as rearranging railway fares or sending a van to Calais. That is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve today, every man of that Greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, these magnificent temporary officers and all this wealth of munitions. And the oligarchy is so invincibly fortified! Do you think it will let in Frenchmen to share its controls? It will not even let in Englishmen."

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squires, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it cannot do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will wreck the Empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and with it on our backs, we common English must blunder and blunder to victory."

On the first page of this issue we reproduce a special cable to The Globe by Robert Donald, editor of the Daily Chronicle, one of the leading papers of England. Here again the truth we have desired to bring home to our readers is emphasized.

It is interesting to note that the English editor confirms to the letter T. P. O'Connor's diagnosis of the situation published in these columns a few weeks ago. The reactionaries chafe under the leadership of the Radical Lloyd George and they believed that an election would make him their servant. They succeeded in making him stultify himself on the question of Home Rule and thereby weakened him enormously not only in Ireland, but especially in Great Britain.

The blustering threat of Bonar Law to have an election on the issue of Irish obstruction met such a reception that he hurriedly backed down. It is not at all certain, however, that the issue of the negotiations on the Irish question may not be so contrived as to make it possible for the reactionaries to realize their desire for a War election.

Kitchener's army, says Mr. Donald, will smash old party shibboleths. It is sometimes pointed out that the oligarchy have done their share in the War; that the casualty lists contain more than a due proportion of aristocratic names. Well, no one suggests that they are cowards; they monopolized the Army in time of peace; they could hardly get under when war broke out.

The Irish question is, of course, to them only a political weapon, to be discarded when no longer useful; but there are evidences that it is considered still to have great potentialities.

And their unscrupulous use of it may be fraught with great danger. It is a time that imperatively demands self control on the part of the Irish people at home and abroad if they are not to play into the hands of their inveterate enemies.

OUR OLD PEOPLE

It is remarkable how large a number of old persons, many of them octogenarians, pass away in the month of March. They linger on through the cold of winter and then, when spring is at hand and the days are growing warmer, the cord of life gives way. We suppose that our medical men could give a reason for this; but it has often occurred to us that it was in answer to their prayer to die in the month dedicated to him who expired in the arms of Jesus and Mary. It is certainly a great favor for them to reach Purgatory just before the great Day of Atonement; for it is an augury that they may share in the joys of the Resurrection.

Nothing, perhaps, affords a more instructive contrast between the Christian and the pagan view of life than the attitude of believing and that of unbelieving people towards the aged and the infirm. In the judgment of the world, when a man can no longer enjoy the pleasures of life, when he becomes dependent upon the care or charity of others, it were better for him if he were dead. In fact there are those who suggest that such persons should be gently removed, so that they might not be a burden upon their relatives or the State. We can quite understand why the ox or the horse that has outlived its usefulness should be dispatched; for it was made for man's benefit and, when it ceases to serve that purpose, there is no longer any reason why it should exist. It is indeed pathetic to see a faithful dumb beast, with the marks of toil upon its shoulders, standing neglected by the roadside, unsheltered and unkept. But there is a much sadder sight than that. It is that of the man, old and bent with years of labor, unconscious or unmindful of his immortal destiny, still clinging to life after the power to enjoy it has passed, preferring rather a cold, wretched, weary existence in this world than the blank uncertainty of the tomb.

We were once accosted by an old man who eked out a living on a small and not too fertile bit of soil. "Do you know," said he, "anything about hidden treasures?" "What kind of treasures do you mean, my good man?" said we. "Do you mean heavenly treasures or earthly treasures?" "Oh," he replied with a wave of his hand, "I mean earthly treasures. Heavenly treasures may be all very good but I am not particularly interested in them. The reason I ask you," he continued, "is because there is a pot of gold buried in this field, and every time I dig for it the spirits move it. I heard that a certain priest—mentioning him by name—had power over the spirits, and I was wondering if he would come here and hold them until I got that gold." The world would call that man crazy, and no doubt he was; but was he any more foolish than are thousands of others who, with one foot in the grave, are wholly concerned about earthly treasures, that are as elusive as that pot of gold.

But to return to our own old people, there are first of all those who, still retain the heart of youth. Those good old grandmothers who love to linger near the tabernacle, whose words are words of wisdom and who enjoy the affection and the confidence of their children and grandchildren—they offer no problem, for their presence breathes a benediction; they are the guardian angels of the hearth.

Poles apart from these is another class whose lives were none too edifying, who, in the days of their health and strength, did little for Church or State and who are now dependent upon one or the other for their maintenance. Perhaps they experience a change of heart, but judging by their outward demeanor, one would be sometimes led to conclude that they are not amenable to the good influences that surround them. At all events they afford to others the opportunity of exercising unadulterated charity.

What we have especially in mind are those old people, who, either through long infirmity or their isolated condition in life, are scarcely in touch with the world about them. The generation that is growing up

scarcely knows of their existence. They are the recluses of the world, separated from it more securely than by cloistered walls. Of such Father Faber has written:

What end doth he fulfill? He seems without a will, Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!

He hath led the years pass, He hath toiled and heard Mass, Done what he could, and now does what he can.

There are Catholics who do not see any benefit to be derived from these long years of inactivity. The same people cannot appreciate the advantages of the cloister and its life of prayer and atonement. If an infirm person is a blessing to a home or to a community, as saints have attested, those years that seem so wasted in the eyes of the world are golden years for the aged invalid himself. How many acts of atonement, resignation and detachment does he not offer up daily! He is given plenty of time to be weaned from the world and to realize its vanity. As the light of his eyes grows dimmer, as the shadows begin to lengthen and the sunset of life draws near, the light of faith in his soul grows brighter. And when the last Sacraments are administered, people wonder at the peaceful calm and brightness of that countenance that had recently been so convulsed with pain. It is the first morning rays of the sun of God's eternal day that is beginning to shine upon him.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE MONTH OF March marked the completion of the fourth year of the Father Fraser Chinese Mission Fund. It had its inception in a review in these columns of the work accomplished by the zealous missionary up to that time, and a reminder to the Catholics of Canada that the onus lay upon them of holding up their hands, and enabling him by their practical cooperation to take advantage of the opportunities which the changing internal affairs of the Chinese Empire opened before him. Following upon this appeal, the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, the late Senator Coffey, opened the Fund and placed the columns of the paper at its disposal.

THE FIRST response to this appeal was from His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who, while giving it his cordial approval, himself headed the list with one hundred dollars. In doing so His Grace wrote: "Your appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's missionary work is timely and deserving of generous response. He is, I think, the only Ontario priest doing mission work in China, and he is doing it successfully. After ten years of zealous labor he has been advanced to a more responsible position, and the CATHOLIC RECORD deserves our thanks for making it practically possible for all of us to have some share in the merit of his work."

OF THE efficacy of the Archbishop's good example readers of the RECORD have had practical evidence before them for four years. From small early contributions the Fund has grown, and interest in it extended, until now, as our columns week by week bear witness, offerings come daily from every part of Canada. With this issue the total passes the ten thousand mark—not, perhaps, a great sum in itself when contrasted with the vastness of the missionary field in China, but great, let us hope, in its promise of interest and obligation with regard to the extension of God's Kingdom on earth. What that ten thousand dollars has meant to Father Fraser's mission only the Last Day will reveal. The purchasing power of a dollar in China is three or four times what it is in Canada, and contributors to the Fund have full assurance that every dollar is made to go its full limit in the good missionary's hands.

WITH THE OPENING of the fifth year of the Fund, let our readers not imagine that the urgency of the work is in any degree lessened. Father Fraser has under God's blessing accomplished much, but weighed in the balance with the possibilities before him, which may well appal any one man or group of men, he has little more than begun. There are many other Catholic missionaries in China, and the result of their labors for the past fifty years is full of consolation. They alone, of all bearing the Christian name, have been able to make any impress upon the

Empire. But when it is remembered that out of a population of over 400,000,000, Catholics number about 2,000,000 only, the vastness of the field may be realized. Since the outbreak of the Great War the ranks of the missionaries have been greatly depleted, so that upon those who remain the burden bears very heavily.

FATHER FRASER calls for assistance in men as well as in money from Canada, and his appeal should not fall upon deaf ears. What more inspiring vocation can open to any man than to have a part in the Christianizing of China? But while we cannot all be missionaries, we can all do our part in supporting those who are, and in the work entrusted to Canada's as yet solitary representative in that great Empire, is afforded an inspiring outlet for inherent mission zeal. "I entreat you," he writes, "to continue your support of my struggling mission." Let us not be regardless of that appeal! Ten thousand dollars within the space of a single year should not be too high a mark to aim at.

THE WAY in which France has discharged her stewardship towards the million refugees, or more, who have found in her an asylum will be recorded to her credit in the histories of the future. She has solved the problem, it is said, in a remarkable manner. The bulk of these homeless victims are from her own invaded and devastated districts, and from stricken Belgium, but a great many of them are Serbians and Montenegrins, who, driven from their own country in poverty and destitution, have been received in France as brothers and fellow-sufferers with their own.

AS FAR AS possible, we learn from authoritative sources, these refugees have, out of regard for their accustomed associations, been grouped into little colonies in which they enjoy a sort of municipal life of their own. The Army barracks, temporarily vacated for the scenes of active warfare, have been adapted to this end. In the Province of which Nancy is the capital there are 30,000 refugees, and each barracks represents a little city, providing homes now for about 5,000 War victims. The authorities with singular feeling and spirit of humanity guarded against the separation of families, and even of neighbors and residents of the same town or village. For example, a visitor will now find residents of the same village grouped on the same floor, each family being allotted one or two rooms.

THE BULK of the refugees are, as a matter of course, women and children. What men there are are old or, at least, disqualified by infirmities of one kind or another from active service. For the children, schools, well-manned and efficiently taught, have been opened, a special feature of the classes being manual training for boys over twelve. Each one is taught a practical trade, and is thus being fitted to take the place of his elders who have, it may be, fallen in the War, when peace enables him to return to his own home. Among the trades taught are the making of chairs, tables and other articles of furniture, which will be useful in the re-rearing of ruined homes.

THERE ARE classes, too, in domestic science for girls over twelve, and the earnings from the sewing classes are turned over to their families with which to provide such comforts as are beyond the scope of the government allowance. It is not obligatory for the adults to dine in common, but the children must take their meals in the municipal dining rooms where the teachers, matrons, and others in charge can have supervision over them. A common social room serves for the aged grandmothers to work and talk together, and similar provision is made for the old men. Taken altogether, the way France has handled this problem, with such delicate regard for the sensibilities of the refugees and for their future welfare is one of the most remarkable incidents of the whole War. Grappled in a death struggle with a powerful and relentless foe France has yet had time to give a mother's care to the stranger within her gates.

Let us only think of achieving the present day well; and when tomorrow shall have come it too shall be called to-day, and then we shall think of it.—St. Francis de Sales.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

RUSSIAN REVOLUTION REACTS ON ENGLISH CONSERVATIVES

IRISH OPINION SETTLING INDEFINITELY IN FAVOR OF CONSTITUTIONAL IRISH PARTY

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, March 31st.—In a quiet way one feels a thrill of electricity in the air from the sense that we are approaching, in England, on all sides, the greatest moment of the War.

This accounts, to a large extent, for such a crop of ill-rumors which have sprung up since the last week end, when troops were maneuvered for test purposes on the coast line. Because of these troops being connected with the Home Defense Corps, there was a tendency to interpret this movement on the part of many people into confident statements that either one of three things had happened; a big battle in the West which had gone against our troops or that the German fleet had succeeded in running past the British Grand Sea Fleet and had defeated our naval forces in the North Sea or that the Germans had landed a great army on either the coast of England or Ireland.

Yet in spite of all those signs of unrest, there was still a strong spirit of self control so that even such great victories as have been reported at Bagdad and the forcing back of the German lines on the Somme front and the consequent retaking of thousands of miles of territory in France, which has been under German occupation, were taken more coolly than were the reports of successful little skirmishes last year.

This is but one of the many proofs that indicate that this country has settled down to war as one of the normal things of life. Still stronger is the proof that there remains the same set determination that the War must go on to a great knock-out and that it can end in only one way.

Recent events strengthen these feelings, for to the revolution in Russia is added the closer approach of the intervention of the United States on the side of the Allied Powers as a gigantic addition to our forces.

The Russian revolution, except among some of the die-hard reactionaries, has been hailed with extraordinary enthusiasm. Its reflective action on this country is seen in the growing acceptance, even by Conservatives, of big democratic changes in the vote of the people and forcible proposals which will agitate against any landlord who will not use his estates for the maximum production of food-stuffs, for which there is, despite the most optimistic of reports, the greatest need.

There is even a strong demand by a certain section of the Conservatives for the entire reconstruction of the House of Lords. The English Jews are loudest in their expressions of delight as they see in the new regime the realization of their long delayed liberation and receive with tears every allusion to new Russia at any gatherings at which they predominate in numbers.

Russia also reacts on the Irish question, where all reactionary tendencies are purposely discredited, but up to the present time no progress can be reported on the new attempt for a settlement of this extremely great national problem, though in spite of some vicissitudes which are inevitable amid such a conflict of interest of both political and sectarian natures, I still believe that a settlement of the Irish question will soon come.

At this time the situation is somewhat complicated by the strained relations between Lloyd George and his former Irish friends through his tactless speech of a fortnight ago and therefore there are no longer free interchanges of ideas between the Premier and the leaders of the Irish party which are so essential to arriving at any deal between such extreme demands.

Another difficulty, of course, is Lloyd George's entire absorption in the War problem, in this the most critical hour of the great conflict, and Lloyd George has long been credited with having the faculty of becoming so absorbed in one great problem as for the moment to shut his mind absolutely against any profound consideration of any other problem.

One must add to this that in his present cabinet Lloyd George finds himself hourly in touch with the strongest personalities on the Orange side, while on the other hand, the Irish cause has the advantage at this moment of being bound up with the fortunes of Lloyd George's ministry. Everybody in England, everybody in the House of Commons, with infinitesimal exceptions are crying for a settlement of this most vitiated question. If, therefore, this settlement has failed of accomplishment, unless it be shown that this failure is due to an unreasonableness on the part of Ireland herself this failure would be received with such dismay and disgust that the prestige of Lloyd George's ministry would be profoundly weakened.

Further failure must mean such an increase in opposition to the Irish question in the House of Commons as would drive Lloyd George to agree to a general election, which is regarded by all sane men as a disaster by the bringing about of much turmoil and dissension at a moment when the state of the European War demands the most tranquil concentration and the inflexible unity of all

parties and of all parts of the British Empire.

Thus many things combine at this moment to make such a settlement, if not inevitable, at least much easier than ever before. Reports are common to the effect that the Orangemen are ready to make such concessions as will safeguard and symbolize the indivisible unity of Ireland and that they will agree to such recognition of an Irish Parliament in Dublin as will come from joint consultations on national matters as distinct and separate from mere provincial interests.

But again trusting to rumor they still insist on six county blocks which under no circumstances would receive the consideration and consent of the Irish party.

A remarkable feature of the moment and also an additional help towards the settlement of the Irish question, is the extraordinary and incredibly rapid transformation of opinion on the part of the public towards Ireland.

There was a violent tide running some weeks ago especially at the Roscommon election against the Redmond Irish party which turned into equally violent expression of ire against Count Plunkett as a life-long office seeker while posing as a leader of an incorruptibly pure party. This may be the first rent in the new anti party movement. And a bigger rent was made by his circular to local bodies asking for representatives at the National convention. Irish newspapers contain columns every day of reports of these bodies in which the unfortunate Count is roundly assailed and the only choice of most of the councils is whether or not the circular shall be read or thrown into the fire.

This accompanied by vehement renews of expressions of confidence in Redmond and his party, even in councils, whose congratulations were sent to Plunkett after the Roscommon election; but these same bodies have now unanimously rejected his policy.

Up to date thirty-four local bodies have rejected and five have accepted Plunkett's convention plans and each day brings a new list of scornful rejections.

This steady opinion on the Irish question has helped enormously in the Irish party's acceptance of reasonable and the rejecting of unreasonable proposals from Lloyd George.

I am convinced, but I am giving expression in these words to the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the British people; I know I am expressing the opinion of men of all parties in the House of Commons; in fact, I am positive that the voice of the whole British Empire joins in the chorus for the settlement of the question which lies so near to every true Irishman's heart.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

NATIONAL SERVICE

London, March 30.—The Right Hon. William Hayes Fisher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, in an address at Hull to-night, said it was not an exaggeration to say that the country was in deadly peril at the present moment. "We must have national service for everybody." The opposing armies are now in contact along the Hindenburg line, but, pending the bringing up of guns and supplies, which is hampered by bad weather, a lull has succeeded the recent heavy fighting along the Western front. German official reports admit the continual withdrawal in front of Cambrai, on which the British are steadily advancing. The Kaiser, it is reported, has visited the Western front, and urged the German troops to hold the new line at all costs. With the coming of dry weather military experts are of opinion that a further German retreat is possible, owing to the weakness of their new defensive positions. Interesting developments are expected soon on the Arns.

The French recovered lost ground in the Champagne region to the west of Maisons de Champagne in a vigorous counter-attack.

On the Belgian front sharp fighting took place at Steenstraetes, when a Belgian raiding party entered the first line of German trenches at the bridge of Steenstraete. Heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy, and some prisoners brought back to the Belgian lines.

The importance of the Champagne operations is liable to be underestimated unless the relation of Champagne to Verdun is borne in mind. Failing in his offensive at Verdun, the Crown Prince last month launched his right wing at the French positions in the Champagne, smashing through four lines of strongly-defended trenches, and capturing eight hundred French prisoners on Hill 185 and at Maisons de Champagne. The lost ground has been recovered, the temporary occupations costing the Germans dearly. A German advance in this region would endanger the French line at Verdun as the scene of all the fighting in the Champagne is only ten miles from the Paris-Verdun railway. The cutting of this railway east of Reims would isolate the French forces at Verdun. Hence the persistence of the Crown Prince in the Champagne region.

The Defence of Constantinople which General von Mackensen is reported to be organizing, will tax all the resources of the Ottoman Government.

It is unlikely that Turkey, for the remainder of the War, will be willing or able to aid any of her Allies. Since the War Turkey is said to have mobilized in all not more than a million and a quarter men. Of these half have been used up in the fighting at Gallipoli, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Egypt, and by the ravages of disease to which Oriental armies are subject. About half a million men are now available, but as these are scattered over the various fronts in the Near East—the bulk of them operating in Asiatic Turkey—the task before the Ottoman Government is much greater than that undertaken at the Dardanelles. The immediate plan of the Allies in the Near East is to destroy the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia, and Persia. News regarding the success of the British and Russian armies in these regions should soon be received.—Globe, March 31.

VETERAN BASILIAN PRIEST PASSES TO REWARD

In the death of Rev. F. X. Granotier, C. S. B., Owen Sound loses a venerable and beloved personality endeared to all by over a half-century's kindly and fruitful work in the ministry. He was born in France in 1838 and in 1912 celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest. The Owen Sound Sun thus refers to one who had been identified with the town since 1862:

"Blessed with a kindly and sympathetic disposition, Father Granotier won the hearts of the adherents of his church, and the respect and admiration of everyone who knew him.

"His congregation revered him for his saintliness and those of a different belief respected him as a man who fulfilled all the qualities necessary to good citizenship." The tribute is eloquent testimony to the genial adaptability combined with the true sacerdotal spirit which characterized the priests whom the missionary spirit of old France sent to Canada in times past when the call of our needs found a response in their generous zeal.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

CHARTER WITH DEGREE-CONFERRING POWERS

The State Board of Regents has granted a charter to the College of the Sacred Heart, and the academy, for many years of Manhattanville, will be the nucleus of the new institution.

The high school classes of the academy have been registered by the Regents for a long time, and in the last two years of the course followed there the pupils received a training equivalent to two years of college work. Pupils of the highest class of the academy are eligible for the junior class of the new institution. The trustees are the Right Rev. William J. Guinan, the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.; Thomas F. Woodlock, Walter George Smith and officials of the college.

The Board of Regents has unanimously granted the charter and approved the courses of studies which meet the requirements of the board. These courses will embrace the various branches that qualify a student for academic degree. The higher studies offered in the junior and senior classes have the same character as those that distinguish the previous years, predominantly literary, with a strong basis in ethics and philosophy. The social and political sciences will receive full attention. The literatures of the modern languages, French, German, Spanish and Italian, as well as the familiar use of these languages, will be taught thoroughly.

The new college will start with exceptional advantages, as Manhattanville is the central base of a group of academies of the Sacred Heart in the eastern part of the United States. Closely connected with it are the two other New York houses of the order, 450 Madison avenue and Maplehurst, in the Bronx.

Manhattanville is peculiarly suited to this extension of educational work undertaken by the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Its surroundings make it an ideal spot for such development. To the north are the Gothic structures of the City College and far to the south the Columbia, Barnard and Teachers College buildings. The Sacred Heart property was formerly the country estate of the Lorillards.

The Religious of the Sacred Heart are proud of their alumnae in all parts of the United States. Among them are Louise Imogen Guiney and Agnes Repplier. Cardinal Farley, writing to the Rev. Mother Moran of the new college, says:

"I received your announcement of the charter granted by the State Board of Regents for the College of the Sacred Heart.

"This news is very gratifying to me, as I have always been convinced that an extension of your educational work to include the college courses was necessary. With the splendid material available for the formation of a teaching staff I have every confidence that you will make the College of the Sacred Heart a recognized power in the field of higher education.

"I congratulate you and the ladies of the Sacred Heart on the new policy you have adopted and wish the new college every success."—N. Y. Sun.

IRISH CANADIANS AND HOME RULE

PATRIOTIC DUTY TO FIGHT THOUGH RESENTFUL OF INJUSTICE TO IRELAND

Montreal Gazette, March 23

Ottawa, March 22.—In a statement issued to the press this evening, Major Rev. John J. O'Gorman, parish priest of the Blessed Sacrament Church, who is convalescing from wounds received in the Somme, showed how intense indignation at the refusal of Ireland's autonomy is, in the Irish Canadian combined with intense devotion to the Empire. An ardent Irishman and fluent Gaelic speaker, Dr. O'Gorman dismisses the refusal to enlist till Home Rule be granted, as the policy of sulks.

Father O'Gorman's statement is as follows:

The eloquent and vehement denunciations of England's policy towards Ireland heard in many meetings in Canada during the past few weeks, have raised in many minds the question—Should the indefinite refusal of Home Rule by the British War Cabinet and the continuance of martial law in Ireland, interfere with the enlisting of Irish-Canadians for overseas service? I have heard Irish-Canadians say: "I'll enlist when Ireland gets Home Rule—and not before." Is this attitude justifiable?

To answer this question we should distinguish the double duty of the Irish-Canadian—the duty he owes to Ireland, and the duty he owes to Canada. For there certainly exists this double duty. There are indeed some who claim that we of Irish descent are Canadians pure and simple; that Ireland was indeed the land of our ancestors, but it is not our land, and that consequently we have nothing whatever to do with it. This claim we Irish Canadians cannot admit. Ireland has bequeathed to us, in addition to the Catholic faith of St. Patrick, an intellectual, moral, emotional and artistic inheritance, which is of the highest spiritual and cultural value. It is our right, as it is our duty, to know Ireland's history, her great saviors, her mighty men and women, to impregnate ourselves with the ideals which they realized, that we, their descendants, may be imbued with their high spirituality. We have inherited as a legacy from our ancestors, whether we will it or not, an Irish temperament. If we ignore or neglect its existence it may rush us into many mistakes or sink us in many sorrows, sorrows so tender, so sad that only Irish music can describe them.

If, however, we wish to make this Irish temperament of ours the firm basis of a perfect Christian character, we can be greatly aided in this building up of a new man within us, if we are swayed and buoyed with the thoughts, the hopes, the ideals, and the prayers of sixty generations of Irish Catholics. Though we were born in Canada, though our parents were born in Canada, Dr. O'Connell spoke truly: "We are Irish yet." Canada is her home; she supports us in her bosom. She rears and nurtures us. But the life blood that is in our veins, the nerves that are the channels of our emotions, are fatherland, all the dearest and nearest to us, because the ties that bind us are wholly spiritual. He who strikes Ireland strikes us. We are sometimes advised, that Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, and for Irishmen to forget. Well, I do not see many Englishmen remembering Irish history, and I am one Irishman who does not intend to forget it. Every act of injustice against Ireland, every insult to her, every attempt to denationalize her, every stupidly insolent act which would rivet the fetters forced on her by a feudal ascendancy party—every such act raises a sigh of sorrow from our breast, and awakens within us a burning desire to avenge the injustice.

Hence certain Irish Canadians have said and are saying: "If England won't listen to reason and give Ireland a small nation's right, then we will use an argument that she will understand. We will refuse to enlist till Ireland gets Home Rule." Now it must be admitted that this practical argument is one that Englishmen, even political reactionaries, can understand. The Irish vote prevented conscription in Australia; the pro-Ally Irish influence in the United States has been anti-English; and even in Canada, Easter Week and its aftermath interfered considerably with the recruiting of the Irish Canadian Rangers. The British Government knows these facts and they help to make her feel uneasy about her Irish policy. But the fatal flaw in this anti-recruiting policy is, that while it may indirectly help to bring about Home Rule for Ireland, it directly aids the enemy, and weakens our Allies. Ireland's liberty must not be sought at such a price, and this, the Irish being a spiritually-minded race, realized from the outbreak of War.

Ireland's War Record Before the victims of Bachelors' Walk were cold in the grave, Irish Nationalists were rushing in thousands into the British army. Ireland, without the rights of a small nation, began to sacrifice herself for small nations and big nations. She did this not with the foolish generosity of the Celt, but because Ireland realized that the interests of humanity are more important and must be preferred to the interests of any one nation. Of Ireland and Belgium alone of all the nations engaged in this War can it be truthfully said that they sacrificed their national interests to the wider interests of mankind. England, France, Russia, Canada, Australia are indeed fighting for noble ideals, but they are fighting for ideals coincident with or parallel to their own national interests. Not so with Ireland. With seven centuries of wrong, in a great measure unredressed, with an arrogant anti-national ascendancy party in control of all the important military and civil positions in the country, in spite of a stupidly malignant anti-Irish campaign of the British War Office the Irish enlisted in their tens of thousands. When the Sixteenth Division was formed, a division of which the privates were 99% Irish Catholics, out of the 500 officers only three were Catholics, and they were subalterns. The War Office considered Irish Catholics good enough to go to get killed for the Empire, but an inferior, untrusted, unworthy lot who, like the Sepoys, must be officered by Britons. The officers of the regular army who organized the Curragh Revolt could not trust the mere Irish. Yet in spite of this, and a hundred similar humiliations, there are to-day, in the British army and navy, or in the casualty list, 175,000 Irish of Ireland, two-thirds of whom are Catholics. Recruiting continued in Ireland till the country was put under martial law after the unjustifiable feign not unprovoked, Dublin Sinn Fein revolt. The men who have not enlisted are feeding Britain.

Such is Ireland's War Record. What will be that of Irish Canadians? We can adopt the policy of sulks, and not enlist, or we can continue the policy of self sacrifice. If we have any of the high spirituality of Ireland, that Ireland which was ever ready to pardon the persecutor; even when new forms of persecution were being prepared for her, then we will scorn the policy of sulks, and continue the policy of self-sacrifice. We, Irish and kin of the men of Ireland who have no longer the rights of citizens, but who, under martial law, are being spied upon and gaoled and deported without trial to satisfy the prejudices of Irish landlords such as Landsdowne, and Orange fanatics, such as Carson, we will heap coals of fire on the heads of these junkers by making even greater efforts than in the past for the Empire. Thus, the duty we owe to Ireland coincides with the duty we owe to Canada. For as Canadians we have known nothing of the anti-national type of Imperialism, which Norman kings introduced into Ireland, and has become a perennial policy. British Imperialism towards Canada has been of the nation-feeding, not nation-destroying type. The interests of Canada, as a nation, as an autonomous part of the British Empire, and as a member of the world's family of nations, demanded that we should enter this War against the Turco-Teutons, that having entered it, we should prosecute it, till we finished it or it finishes us. The few voices that are raised here and there, asking that we should halt till Ireland gets Home Rule, have rightly been disregarded by the vast majority of Irish Canadians. We do not intend to do what that good may come. We were second to none in 1914, and 1915 and 1916, in the sincerity of our loyalty, and the greatness of our sacrifices, and we will be second to none in 1917. In this very city, the McGee's and the O'Donoghue's and the O'Connors and the Young's and the Huggins and the Brankins and a whole litany of those of Irish name have done and are doing their share. Nor have the O'Connors done too badly, as there are eleven of us from the Ottawa Valley on active service. No matter how unjust be the policy of England towards Ireland, we shall not change. For our patriotism is the result, not of the changing conduct of individuals or of institutions, but of principles as unchanging as our Catholic faith.

However the same patriotism which compels us to fight for the Empire, urges us to voice aloud our indignation at Ireland's treatment. We expect that Canada's representative at the Imperial Conference will voice that indignation in no uncertain tone. It matters little that Bonar Law, some time ago, arrogantly refused that Home Rule should be discussed by the dominion premiers. Does he imagine that Canada has sent Sir Robert Borden to London merely to learn a lesson in European geography? Canada's premier is there to discuss Imperial and war matters with Britain's premier, and there can be no discussion except between equals. Some Englishmen have yet to learn that Imperialism means that Canada and Australia are the equals of England and Scotland, and that when Canada and Australia demand Home Rule for Ireland, England and Scotland cannot well refuse. Hence the policy adopted by Irish Canadians to fight Germans on the field of battle and British junkers in the council chamber of the Empire, is one which fulfills our duties as the sons of Irishmen and the sons of Canada.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS

We are in receipt of the following resolution drawn up at a meeting of Chaplains held at Shorncliffe, England, on the 23rd ult. Copies of this with covering letter were sent to Headquarters, Canadians, London, to the Home Secretary, and to the Divisional Commander. It is sufficient evidence of the conditions that exist and of the efforts being put forth by the Chaplains to stamp them out:

MEETING OF CHAPLAINS, SHORNCLIFFE, FEB. 23, '17

That this meeting views with intense grief and profound alarm the prevalence amongst troops of immorality, a vice which is entirely opposed to the Christian spirit, which strikes at the very foundation of national stability and military efficiency, and which brings upon the individual and the home the most terrible afflictions.

That this meeting ascribes the deplorable prevalence of immorality—after the strength of human passion—to the following causes: Immoral publications, illustrations, and theatrical productions; the facility with which lewd women are permitted to throw temptation in the way of soldiers; the consumption to excess of intoxicating liquors; the extremely common use of immoral language among all ranks in the Army, and the levity with which immoral conduct is ordinarily regarded by them.

That this meeting declares, in its opinion, the urgent need of the following measures: Drastic legislation by the British Government to suppress indecent publications, illustrations and theatrical productions, and to prevent solicitation by lewd women. Action by the Military Authorities on the lines of the resolution passed by the Chaplains of the Shorncliffe District at their meeting of January 23rd, viz., "1. That all public Bars within five miles of Camp areas be placed 'out of bounds' to all Canadian troops; 2. That all regimental Canteens be conducted exclusively by the Regimental Authorities; 3. Inculcation by the Military Authorities upon all ranks of the Christian principle that immorality is a grave violation of God's Commandments, and not simply something which may bring upon those guilty of it some of the most dreadful diseases; insistence on purity of language among all ranks; and on officers and non-commissioned officers setting the example; and the infliction of severe penalties for the use of language that is obscene.—Canadian Churchman, (Toronto).

LAETARE MEDALIST

NOTRE DAME BESTOWS HONOR ON CATHOLIC SEAMAN

The Laetare Medal for 1917 will be conferred upon Admiral Wm. Shepherd Benson, ranking Admiral in the United States Navy, who is a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus and a convert to the Catholic faith. Admiral Benson, who is Chief of Naval Operations, is a native of Georgia, where he was born in 1855. For two years before entering the Naval Academy, he lived in the country, where he had no opportunity to attend school, and although this was a handicap, he made the Entrance examination. It is a well-known fact that he had no influential friends to boost him, and his present high position is the result of no spectacular performance, but came from hard work and a fixed habit of making good in every position assigned to him, and saying nothing about it. A brother officer and shipmate said of him:

"Whatever ship he served was sure to be a happy and efficient ship. Not, however, until he took command of the superdreadnought Utah did he find his real element, where the force of his personality could make itself felt. It was there that he initiated and created the Utah spirit, famous throughout the battle fleet and now famous throughout the navy, because he brought the Utah spirit to the Navy Department with him. Before he had been here long people began to find out that the Utah spirit was the Benson spirit, best exemplified in the ancient phrase, 'Mine the labor, thine the praise.'"

"Those who know him best are well aware that over and beyond all is a profound and consistent piety which shows itself, not in words, but in his acts and character, so that, with his great responsibilities and his far-reaching military authority, the one idea that shines out above everything else is his never-ending charity and devotedness to duty."

His first important command was the "Utah," where, without making any show, he inspired men and officers to give their best to the service. Next, he was selected for the administrative office of commandant of the navy yard at Philadelphia. There he continued the same old method—just kept on planning and

WORKING UNTIL THINGS WENT RIGHT, and that was what he was doing when called to make good in the Benson way in his biggest job—in fact, one of the greatest military undertakings in times of peace, the organization of the office of naval operations, the first approach to military management of the military affairs of the navy.

It was in the spring of 1915 that Congress enacted that there should be a Chief of Naval Operations, who should be charged with the operation of the fleet, and the preparation of plans for its use in war. Admiral Benson's work in the organization of the office was so successful, and had so fully demonstrated the need of the office, that Congress in 1916 enacted that the Chief of Operations should have authority to issue orders within his jurisdiction in the name of the secretary; that the Chief, while holding that office, should have the rank of Admiral, and, to insure permanency, that not less than 15 officers should be assigned to duty under him.

One of Admiral Benson's recent duties has been to tell the House Naval Committee what the navy needs most, and it is said that its action was largely based on the recommendations of the Chief of Naval Operations, that unassuming officer whom the United States Navy says will "make good," for he still keeps up that "Utah spirit."

The Laetare Medal is annually presented to an American lay Catholic distinguished in literature, science, art, commerce, philanthropy, sociology or some other field of beneficent activity. Admiral Benson comes under the last generalization. His work, as chief director of naval operations, is one most beneficial to the country. If he develops in the near future, he will be the country's foremost figure.

The Laetare Medal is the highest honor Notre Dame can bestow upon a man. It is conferred upon some leading Catholic every Laetare Sunday as the emblem of that world-old fact that the Catholic Church recognizes no peerage save the aristocracy of merit. The custom was first inaugurated at Notre Dame in 1888 and the long roster of Laetare Medalists is perhaps the best list of representative American Catholics that can be found anywhere. The idea of the Laetare Medal was inspired by a similar practice which has existed in Europe since the thirteenth century. This is the Pope's custom of giving a gold rose to some eminent European Catholic whose services are deemed worthy of recognition, on the Mid-Sunday of Lent. To receive the Laetare Medal has long been considered one of the highest honors that can come to an American Catholic.—Chicago New World.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged. \$9,976 95

A Subscriber's daughter, Dominion..... 2 00

T. M..... 5 00

Fried, St. Thomas..... 1 00

St. John's, Nfld..... 1 00

St. Anthony's, Ireland..... 1 00

In Memory of Father..... 1 00

L. C. Julien, Owen Sound..... 1 50

A Friend, Annapolis..... 10 00

Thos Connolly, Cedarville..... 1 00

"St. Anthony's Bread"..... 1 00

Glouce Bay..... 1 00

Mrs. Jno. O'Neil, Cobden..... 1 00

Leslie O'Neil, Cobden..... 1 00

Merchants Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,250,984

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

216 Branches and Agencies in Canada

Savings Department at All Branches

Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates

Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
EASTER SUNDAY

THE RESURRECTION

"He is not here, for He has risen, as He said." (Matt. xxviii. 6.)
Last week, with heavy hearts and reflective minds, we passed from stage to stage of our Blessed Redeemer's Passion; we ascended in spirit the heights of Calvary and witnessed the great tragedy of His death. We meditated perhaps as never did we meditate before, on the grievousness of sin which demanded an atonement so great, on the justice of God which exacted an infinite satisfaction, and on the love of Jesus Christ for man which constrained Him to suffer so much for his redemption.

But vastly different is the sublime and glorious fact which presents itself today. So far removed is it from aught of a melancholy aspect as to be the very basis of Christian triumph and joy. For, to use the sentiments of St. Paul, if Christ had not risen, vain would be our preaching, vain would be our faith in the resurrection of the dead.

No sooner did our divine Saviour close His eyes in death than His most blessed soul descended into Limbo, and after a brief interval, His virgin body was taken down from the cross and laid in the sepulchre. Human life had really gone out of the man-God, but the divine remained intact. He was God in death as well as in life. Hence He spoke as only God could speak: "I lay down My life, that I may take it up again" (St. John x. 17). His death then was in accord with His own disposition, and His resurrection could not be otherwise. His divinity never ceased its blessed union with His soul and His body, so when each had fulfilled its respective mission—the one in Limbo and the other in the sepulchre, He again took up forever the life which He had so recently laid down. The limit to His silence in death He had placed when He referred the Jews to the three days' imprisonment of Jonas as a figure, when He challenged them to destroy the temple of His body, and in three days He would raise it up, and when in fine He said to His disciples: "The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him, and the third day He shall rise again" (Matt. xiv. 21). His enemies as well as His friends "remembered that He had said this," as they evidenced in petitioning Pilate to place an armed guard at the sepulchre. But though they had seen Him exercise a power over life and death, which only God could command, as when He cured all manner of diseases, and raised the dead to life; though they had seen Him exercise a power which fierce armed forces could not withstand, as when with a word in Gethsemane He had sent them reeling backward to the ground; and though in fact all nature had testified that He was God, passion constrained them to deny that He was. "You have guards," said Pilate, "go guard the sepulchre as you know." The chief priests then having first ascertained that the body of Jesus was still there, sealed up the stone in the mouth of the sepulchre, and set the armed guards on watch. O foolish mortals! How vain is your presumption! Do you expect to hold by your seal, your armed forces, and wondrous vigilance, Him at whose death the earth shook to its very centre, within the narrow limits of a little sepulchre, contrary to His divine will and promise: Him, who is the Almighty Architect of the heavens above you, and the ponderous globe on which you stand; Him, who measures the vast waters of the abyss in the palm of His hand, the feeble echo of whose voice is as the most awful thunder, and the faintest glimmer of whose brightness is as the most terrific lightning; Him, who with a single word made all things leap into existence? O men! why content yourselves with one seal? Place ten thousand upon the sepulchre. Call around it all your armed legions, call around it all the armed legions of the great empire of Rome. Remember that it is not with a mere man, but with the great God of armies that your pride now presses you to contend, as of old, it swelled the ranks of the rebel angels. What then, O senseless and impotent mortals, will all avail you to render you the more ridiculous for time and eternity?

The Sabbath has passed, the midnight hour has come, and the heavens foreshadow by signs the glorious triumph of the Saviour. The festivities of Limbo are about to close, to continue above forever. "The Holy One of the Sepulchre," say the prophets, "must not see corruption." At last the hour has come, the earth gives its mighty heave, angels from on high descend, the huge stone rolls back into the midst of the terror-stricken though armed guards, the Saviour's most holy soul re-enters His virgin body, and gloriously and victoriously He bursts forth from the sepulchre, and rises, "the first-fruits of them that sleep." The terrified guards ran to their masters and made known the Almighty's work. But hardened and stupid to the last, they bethought themselves that by avarice they had corrupted the perfidious disciple who had sold the Saviour into death, and now by the same means they might pervert the first witnesses of His Resurrection. "We will pay you what you will," they said, "if you will give out that while you were asleep, His disciples came and conveyed Him away."

What detestable malice! what blind stupidity! To bring forward as evidence sleeping witnesses.

After our divine Saviour had placed the climax to the proofs of His divinity, and that of His doctrine by His most glorious resurrection; after He had conquered sin, death, and hell by again assuming the life which they seemed to have forever taken, He manifested Himself to His disciples. Thus He continued to do for the forty days of His glorified state on earth. "He showed Himself alive to them" after His passion, by many proofs, for forty days, appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God, and eating with them" (Acts 1. 3.).

How great the contrast! But yesterday an awful sensation of grief had possession of the Christian world, and our mother, the Church, had on her weeds of widowhood. Today the Christian world rings with intense joy, and our mother is robed in her utmost pomp. The world wide wail of the crying widow of yesterday has given place to the world-wide peals of her triumphal joy today. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein," is the inspired message which she delivers to her children. Can you respond, my brethren? You can, if by a good Easter confession you have risen from sin and tepidity, if the life of grace in your souls honors the glorified life of your risen Saviour, if the fealty which you have sworn is never again to sink into the tomb of sin. Rejoice, then, ye who have risen from sin, rejoice ye who live the life of grace, and say once for all in your joy, that hell's guards shall never again surround you in the grave of sin. "You are now risen with Christ; seek then the things that are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL
RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.
CHARITY IN THE PRESENT WAR
Charity in war time, in the sense obvious to most of us, is the virtue which urges us to console the afflicted and find food for the hungry. War brings in its train evils so dreadful that they appal us, misfortunes so great that they excite our sympathy; what we do to lessen the physical and moral sufferings caused by War must necessarily spring from hearts stirred by that charity which, in the language of Scripture, "opens her hand to the needy and stretches out her hands to the poor." Charity has a wider field of action in war-times than in times of peace; the opportunities for exercising it are greater because those who can profit by it are more numerous, and are real victims of that "cruelty which byeth conquest at the dearest price."

But leaving aside for the moment this concept of the virtue, which springs spontaneously to one's mind when so many countries are on the verge of famine, perhaps, the highest form of charity we could exercise at the present time is to pray for the allayment of that spirit of hatred, spite and ill will which is being so sedulously fostered in the press, on platforms, and even in pulpits, in various countries. The nations at War are all fighting for justice as they understand it, and are doing their best to starve and slay each other in their efforts to obtain it. We are witnesses of a slaughter which is being carried on in all ruthlessness; but charity, which is "patient and kind," cannot justify us in the campaign of hatred which is being waged against an enemy whose principles we impugn, whose methods we abhor, but whose fighting capacity we have long ago learned to respect. Undoubtedly the only object the blatant factionists in the press, and elsewhere, have in view is to excite the warlike instincts of men to urge them to fight for what they consider justice, but it is surely neither reasonable nor charitable to appeal to the vile passion of hatred to urge men to fight for justice. It is paying a doubtful compliment to humanity to make the people of one nation hate those of another in order to convince them of the justice of their claims. When we are persuaded that our cause is just we do not need the element of hatred to justify the part we take in it. Again, the normal state of a Christian nation is to be at peace

and at himself. Before it was spent Jennie had him past the third saloon, and headed for home. An automobile flashed by, filled with prettily dressed children, laughing and happy. But drenched little Jennie felt no envy. She was happy too. She had the envelope, and "Pa" was safe for another week.—Sacred Heart Review.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL
RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CHARITY IN THE PRESENT WAR
Charity in war time, in the sense obvious to most of us, is the virtue which urges us to console the afflicted and find food for the hungry. War brings in its train evils so dreadful that they appal us, misfortunes so great that they excite our sympathy; what we do to lessen the physical and moral sufferings caused by War must necessarily spring from hearts stirred by that charity which, in the language of Scripture, "opens her hand to the needy and stretches out her hands to the poor." Charity has a wider field of action in war-times than in times of peace; the opportunities for exercising it are greater because those who can profit by it are more numerous, and are real victims of that "cruelty which byeth conquest at the dearest price."

But leaving aside for the moment this concept of the virtue, which springs spontaneously to one's mind when so many countries are on the verge of famine, perhaps, the highest form of charity we could exercise at the present time is to pray for the allayment of that spirit of hatred, spite and ill will which is being so sedulously fostered in the press, on platforms, and even in pulpits, in various countries. The nations at War are all fighting for justice as they understand it, and are doing their best to starve and slay each other in their efforts to obtain it. We are witnesses of a slaughter which is being carried on in all ruthlessness; but charity, which is "patient and kind," cannot justify us in the campaign of hatred which is being waged against an enemy whose principles we impugn, whose methods we abhor, but whose fighting capacity we have long ago learned to respect. Undoubtedly the only object the blatant factionists in the press, and elsewhere, have in view is to excite the warlike instincts of men to urge them to fight for what they consider justice, but it is surely neither reasonable nor charitable to appeal to the vile passion of hatred to urge men to fight for justice. It is paying a doubtful compliment to humanity to make the people of one nation hate those of another in order to convince them of the justice of their claims. When we are persuaded that our cause is just we do not need the element of hatred to justify the part we take in it. Again, the normal state of a Christian nation is to be at peace

TEMPERANCE
SAVING "PA" FROM THE DANGER ZONE
(A TRUE STORY)

The rain was coming down in torrents when big Jim Reynolds came out of the Works with his pay envelope in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the gleaming lights of the saloon on the corner. There were three saloons between the Works and Jim's home—"The danger zone," his wife called it. If Jim went by one safely, there was a second and a third to tempt him. Tonight the one nearest the Works drew him. Just as he was about to take the crossing, a little figure, covered down by a big umbrella, slipped from the shadow of the gate, and bore down upon him with a cheery "Hello! Pa!" Jim turned sharply. "What in Jim brought you out this night?" he growled. The umbrella dropped back a bit, and a little pink face, with a smile dimpling around the mouth, turned to the big, grimy man. "I brought you the umbrella, Pa." And then the smile broke into a laugh, in which the father joined against his will. He had never used an umbrella in his life. But Jenny was great on finding excuses for meeting him on pay night. The umbrella joke put him in good humor. "Here, you cut along home," he ordered. Jenny drew in closer to him and slipped her hand in his pocket. "You come too, Pa?" "No I won't, till I'm good and ready. Be off with you now. I'll come soon—maybe." Jennie tipped the umbrella away back, and smiled her brightest: "Pa—please—give me your envelope." "Not on your life," he countered. "I know that was what you came after." "How much is in it, Pa?" "Thirty-seven! Over-time, you know, kid." Then, regretting his boast, "See here Jennie, you keep your mouth shut to your mother." "Let me take it to her, Pa. Oh, but you are smart to make all that in one week." They had passed the first saloon. Jennie began again: "That's an awful lot of money, Pa. Let Ma see it altogether." "Well here—take it, quick," Jennie reached out eagerly, nearly letting go of the umbrella in her rush. But her father drew back, and made to open the envelope. "Oh, no, Pa! Please, Pa! Don't break it." The smile was gone. The upturned face was twitching as if tears were near at hand. "Here, you sick little beggar, take it. But I'm not going home all the same." They had passed the second saloon. Jennie tucked the precious envelope safely away. She was having wonderful luck tonight. That was because they had prayed so hard. She said another little prayer, and changed her tactics. "You'll miss a swell dinner, Pa," she said. "Ma said: 'Tell your Pa I have a piping hot dinner for him—and a bottle of beer on the ice.'" They were nearing the third saloon. Big Jim wavered. He was fond of his wife and the children, and he could almost sniff the dinner, but the saloon drew him strongly. His thirst for a glass was keen now. Jennie slipped her hand into his. "Ma says if there was no saloons you'd be a boss, Pa." "Your ma has you well coached—An' she's right, kid," big Jim conceded. "I might have been a boss only for the booze." A hot wave of wrath swept over him. He was angry at the saloons

with its neighbor; it is not charity that grows ecstatic over blood-stained victories or to gloat over every newly formed scheme of annihilation. The methods of war and the results of war are to be deplored and the sort of charity that rejoices in such things is not the virtue that St. Paul praises: such a frame of mind is condemned by both reason and faith; it is subversive of the very essence of Christianity and of the natural exigencies of justice and humanity. No matter how guilty or how brutal we may suppose this or that nation to be, there is no one who does not feel how inhumane and anti-Christian is the language reeking with hatred which falls from the lips of public speakers, the prose which may be read in the newspapers, and the ignoble cartoons which stare at us from their pages. We may reasonably wish to see an enemy reduced to a state where he can do no further damage, but our resentment should end there. If we allow hatred to influence us so far as to welcome schemes for the annihilation, not merely the political but even the economic annihilation, of an enemy, we demonstrate our folly; a nation cannot annihilate its neighbor, economically or otherwise.

Better show our charity by praying and working for peace. If peace cannot be secured in this way, then let us fight for it, and fight manfully for the sake of peace. Charity does not look for peace at any price; it seeks a peace founded on justice and right, and it has a right to get this much. But let not hatred of the enemy whom we are fighting be our determining motive in seeking peace. Christian charity in time of war urges us to work and pray for peace, not a peace to be spent in organizing armies and building armaments, but a peace prompt, solid, equitable, permanent, a peace which will right wrongs, reconcile conflicting interests and reestablish among irritated and divided nations mutual confidence and good will. It is charitable to long for the triumph of Christianity, so that the doctrines of Christ, the only panacea for present day evils, may extend their empire over laws, morals, and institutions. This charity is conformable not only to the principles of faith and the Gospel, but also to the dictates of reason; and this, we feel, is what the Holy Father asks for in the General Intention for the present month. He wishes the nations at war to seek in union and justice some arrangement which will end as soon as possible the butchery which is dishonoring Europe; he begs them not to keep up this struggle for the vain honor of crushing, conquering or annihilating an enemy. As Catholics we may have to look for justice even on the battlefield, but not at the expense of charity. Charity should unite nations as well as individuals.

After having done our duty in this respect we may turn to that other form of charity which is to help those who suffer in soul and need on relentlessly for two and a half years; it has already made oceans of tears to flow; it is threatening to bring hunger and famine

into millions of homes. Those whose hearts have been pierced with sorrow by sad news from the Front have a right to our sympathy, and in giving it generously we are exercising one of the noblest forms of charity. It is a charity that costs little but gives consoling results. The kind word offered to a wife or a mother who has a husband or a son lying somewhere under the sod in France or Flanders or the promise of a prayer for his soul, soothes her grief and makes her feel that we share it with her. In such cases our charity does double service. By our kind words and our sympathy we console the living, and by our prayers we help those who have given up their lives at the call of duty. Their courage deserves at least the tribute from us. We cannot bring them back to this world, but we can wish them well in the world they have entered. How consoling are the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

The final call on our charity is to help to keep away hunger from the homes of those who are fighting in the trenches of Europe. Many of those men left behind them wives and little children who are unable to help themselves. It is not hard to imagine the feelings of a soldier in Europe who realizes that his own at home in Canada are in want; and taking the human heart as we know it we must admit that there is nothing more liable to take the vim out of a soldier's usefulness on the battlefield than to learn that his home is ignored or left in want by those for whom he is fighting. Happily, practical charity has not been lacking in this country. Millions have poured into our various charitable and patriotic funds and have been distributed in a judicious manner. But the prolongation of the War calls for further sacrifices. To cite one example. In a recent circular issued by the Canadian Red Cross Society, one of several charitable organizations called into being by the War, we are informed that this Society alone will need nearly a million and a half dollars to meet its expenditures for the present year. Other organizations are also feeling the lack of funds. We should put our shoulders to the wheel and make new efforts to meet the needs of the present crisis. Our soldiers are doing their duty in Europe; let us do ours at home. These considerations may seem very foreign to the topics usually presented to the members of our League. But we should remember that we are living in abnormal times; we are passing through an era unparalleled in human history, and we need not be surprised if his children fighting in the opposing armies, appeals to our charity and good will to meet the spiritual and temporal requirements of the situation. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

On a life of obedience and faith God shines as the sun shines on a block of crystal, sending radiance through the willing and transparent mass, and warming and lighting it all into its inmost depths.

ASTHMA COUGHS
Vapo-Resolene
A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years.

Send Them To PARKER
Anything in the nature of the cleaning and dyeing of fabrics can be entrusted to Parker's Dye Works with the full assurance of prompt, efficient, and economical service.

THE STAMP OF GOODNESS
GOES ON EVERY THING YOU BAKE WITH
HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR
Always the same

THE MARTIN DITCHER AND GRADER
DIGS YOUR DITCHES
GRADES YOUR ROADS
EASILY QUICKLY CHEAPLY

On a life of obedience and faith God shines as the sun shines on a block of crystal, sending radiance through the willing and transparent mass, and warming and lighting it all into its inmost depths.

LAUGHLIN
Automatic - Non-Leakable
SELF STARTING PEN
10 Days' Free Trial

LAUGHLIN Mfg. Co.
292 WYATT ST. DETROIT, MICH.
Gentlemen - Here is \$2.50. Send me the pen described in this advertisement. If pen is not satisfactory you refund the money.

PRAYER BOOK PICTURES
Fit-A-Prayer-Book Series
THIS SERIES includes 24 different representations. The subjects are most popular and inspiring, while the text is clearly printed in a tint which harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the picture; it appears in the form of an ejaculation or pious meditation.

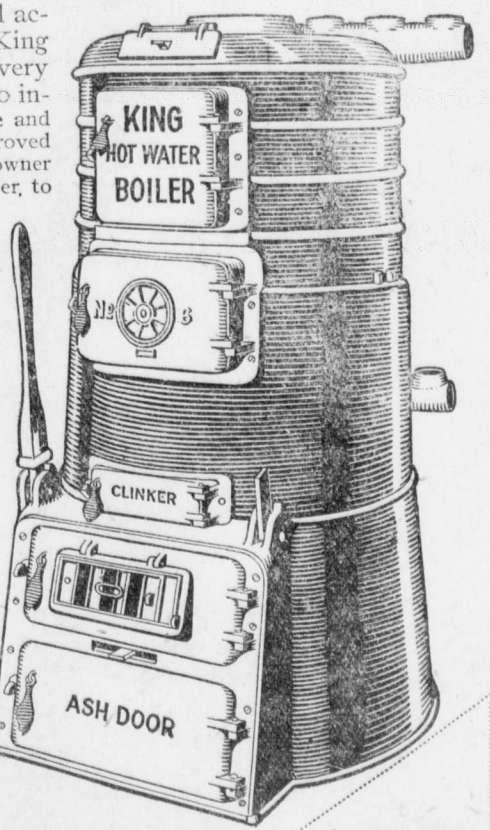
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA
OR McTAGGART'S VEGETABLE REMEDIES for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cure.



This Book gives general information about the advantages of Hot Water Heating and the quick heating principles of the King Boiler and Radiators. The Book also shows by illustration the comfort any home will derive from being heated by King Boiler and Radiators. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

KING Hot Water Boiler

"KING"—a name that stands for Honor and Worth. This name well accords with the royally good qualities of our Hot Water Boiler. The King Boiler is built and sold on Honor and is worthy of the confidence of every owner of a Residence, Apartment House, Factory or store who plans to install a new heating system. The King Boiler is the climax of expert knowledge and discovery in the science of heating. It embodies the best ideas and the most approved designs, adopted only after years of testing. The "King" is what every house owner wants as a quick warmth producer, an economical fuel consumer and an easy Boiler to operate and regulate. If you are thinking of installing a new heating system, it is a duty you owe yourself to find out about the King Boiler and it will be a pleasure to us to give you all the information you want including estimates to suit your plans without obligation to you. Write us NOW while you think of it.



- Fifteen Advantages!
There are fifteen good reasons why anybody buying a Hot Water Boiler should prefer the King over all others; in a few words they are:
1. The Dustless Ash Sifting Device.
2. The Tight-fitting Doors.
3. The Easily Cleaned Flues.
4. The Firepot with a real corrugated and Extended Heating Surface.
5. The Ample Combustion Space in Firepot and Flues.
6. The large Area of Surfaces for Direct Intense and Effective Heating.
7. The Thin Waterways and Rapid Circulation.
8. The Even Metal Line, the result of using Iron Patterns.
9. The Quality and Weight of Iron.
10. The Simple Method of Erection.
11. Easy to Manage.
12. The Guaranteed Ratings.
13. Double Shaker.
14. Removable Grate.
15. Made-in-Canada.

Do you want to know what a King Hot Water Heating System would cost? Write us—We will send you full information. Free.

STEEL AND RADIATION, LIMITED

Manufacturers of Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus for Buildings of every Description
Also Makers of Solid Steel Window Sash, Expanded Metal for Concrete Work, and Expanded Steel Lath

Head Office and Factory: 68 Fraser Ave., Toronto

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Dear Sirs—As I am interested in Hot Water Heating, will you please mail me, without any obligation on my part a FREE copy of COMFORTABLE HOMES, also your literature on the subject here checked (check the blank opposite the subject wanted):
..... King Boiler..... King Radiators..... Laundry Heater..... Cottage Heater.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

What's the use of 'sighin' Lettin' go your grip? Why not put some stiff'nin' In your upper lip? Get some ginger in you, Don't set round and whine, Rustle up your shirt sleeves, Stiffen up your spine. Fortune's like a woman, She will surely frown If you try to court her With your mouth turned down. Why not try a whistle, Just a bit of song? Daylight sure is breakin' Though the night be long.

FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

IN THE MIDST OF PAIN

At the time that he was composing the music for "Pinafore," one of the merriest of operas, Sir Arthur Sullivan was suffering from a most painful disease. There was hardly an hour while the work was on that he was not on the verge of fainting. If Sullivan could keep his labors untainted of groans, how much easier it must be for us who seldom experience such sufferings. It takes but little self-discipline to keep irritation to oneself, to force cheerfulness to maintain the upholder of depression, to present a brave face to all about us. The person who says that, come what may, it shall find him unafraid, has won the greatest thing in life, the mastery of his own spirit.

BE WILLING TO SERVE

In every office there is the person who does what he is told—no more and happily in many offices there is the person in whom the idea of unselfish courtesy and kindness is paramount, who sees what to do and does it, who does more than he is told, who is really willing to oblige and to help uncomplainingly. There's quite a difference in the value of the services of these two. We are afraid to be too kind—that churchy fear rules the lives of too many of us. We do only the needful and we let the little more, that would add the kindly touch, go. The enthusiasm and interest with which you work, the service you are ready to render help to make for success, perhaps more than you realize.

You want to be successful in securing business? Then learn to serve, forgetting self. It's a sure road. GET READY FOR MARRIAGE Marriage is a subject of perennial interest for young men. And properly so. For on it depends the continuity of the human family, on it depends the earthly happiness of those persons whose vocation it is, on it depends in a great measure the salvation of the married. When a young man gets to be eighteen or twenty, he ought to take a look at life in general, as he sees it illustrated in his acquaintances. He will see that almost all the men he knows who are over thirty three, are married; that those who are happily married are, as a rule, prospering more than the single men in the material and social circumstances; that the married men are more comfortable in their homes than the unmarried are in clubs, or saloons, or lonely apartments; that the pride of young fathers in their children is so evident as to be humanly delightful; and that God and nature have cooperated to make this state of life for the majority of mankind who grow up.

Considering, therefore, that marriage is his vocation, let him get ready for it. How? By taking stock of himself morally, physically, socially and commercially, so as to begin whatever improvement should be planned in order to make him worthy of some good woman's love and trust and life. Let him take a look at his soul and endeavor to purify it. Let him take a look at his health and endeavor to deep up his strength and conserve his virility. Let him go to his wife as pure as he expects her to come to him. If he uses the proper means, he can be content. Let him take a look at himself socially and brush up his manners, his accomplishments, his education, and his clothes. Let him frequent good society. Let him see that he acts like a gentleman on all occasions. Let him get rid of his awkwardness, his self-consciousness, his selfishness, his lack of ease and his want of savior faire. Let him take a look at his business prospects and "get a move on him" to deserve promotion, to earn more salary, to put more money into the savings bank. Let him take stock, too, of all his young lady friends, and see which one of them comes nearest to his ideal of a perfect wife—the helpmate, the dearest friend, the confidante, the comforter of her husband. Let him not be caught by the bright eyes, or fine clothes, or coquetish manners. The character is the thing. What he needs is a woman of heart, of principle, of affectionate disposition, of virtue, of piety, of common sense, of a will to work in cooperation with him to make a home; of a girl of good family traditions; a woman who will love him and make him happy, and not think first of herself—how much she is bettering herself by getting married; a woman who will be a Catholic wife for a Catholic husband, entering matrimony, in the fear of the Lord,

for the purposes for which it was designed. Let him pray earnestly for his wife that is to be. She is somewhere. Even before he is acquainted with her, she is his, his to be, his very own, his dearest and better self. Let him pray God to take care of her in every way, and make her everything that a good Catholic woman ought to be. So, thinking of marriage and of his future wife in the right way, he will be kept out of harm, he will avoid what would degrade and disgrace him in the eyes of his beloved, he will do his best to make himself fit to be a husband.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN EASTER IDYLL

"Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes, Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies, Now and then a winged child turns his merry face Down towards the spinning world— what a funny place." —JOYCE KILMER. "Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes," repeated a little girl looking up at the sky from a window in her home. "Little eyes," she whispered, "Waken me early in the morning to see the sun dance, Nellie," she said, turning to a solemn looking child who sat beside her, her hand in her sister's. "Promise to awake when I call you, and we shall be in time to see the sun dance." "We shall go to the wood where the water-fall is, and sit under a tree. Oh! it will be glorious. Tomorrow will be Easter Sunday, the day Our Lord rose from the tomb, and the sun dances with joy." "But it is very far away," objected Nellie, a note of alarm in her voice. "Can't we see it here in the city?" "No," said the little girl. "The sun doesn't like the city, and I am sure even on Easter Sunday he will not dance. Now it is different in the wood; he will surely be there. See, I have the money to bring us on the cars."

LARGER FARM CROPS

TIMELY INFORMATION GIVEN BY PROFESSOR ZAVITZ

Toronto, March 9.—At the inaugural meeting of the Agricultural Committee of the legislature held to-day a propaganda was instituted towards meeting the problems imposed by the war on the agricultural industry. At the request of Sir William Hearst, Minister of Agriculture, Professor C. A. Zavitz, of the Ontario Agricultural College, spoke at some length on ways and means of increasing crop production and the right kinds of materials to use. Sir William himself made a few remarks emphasizing the need not only of growing foodstuffs, but of growing the kinds of foodstuffs which will be most needed both here and in the Mother Country. There was a desire on all sides, said Professor Zavitz, to do all possible to meet the very trying conditions that existed at the present time, but he hoped the suggestions he had to offer would be of real service in connection with the increase, if possible,

one remarked them. It was a common enough sight to see children in a trolley. If anyone gave them a thought, it was merely to think that likely their father or mother was somewhere near. Half an hour after their departure they were missed. The old house-keeper, white as a ghost, with eyes distraught, ran to her master's door, crying and wringing her hands: "The children," she wailed. "Someone has stolen the children. They are not in their room." The children's father, a tall, young man, was instantly on the alert. First, every nook and cranny of the house was searched, but no sign of his little daughters. His face grew pale and haggard-looking as diverse perils came before his mind. "My God," he murmured, "what can have happened." He searched the neighborhood, but no one had noticed the children. Finally as a last resource, he rang up police headquarters and gave a description of his missing children. Soon every station in the city had the alarm. Meanwhile Mary and Nellie had got out of the trolley and soon were in the park. They looked at the sky anxiously. A glance at the sun reassured them—he was in a flaming majesty and enveloped them in a golden shaft of light until their eyes so dazzled they could hardly see each other. They ran and ran in the golden glory until they came to their destination, a little waterfall amid a clump of trees sparkling and throwing gems of ripples that looked like precious jewels as the sun touched them. "Oh, isn't it lovely!" cried Mary, with eyes aglow, "but I wonder when he will dance. He should dance soon now, for it is Easter Sunday morning and the dear Lord has risen. Wouldn't it be lovely, Nellie, to meet the dear Lord here in the wood?" "You won't meet Him here," said Nellie. "I know where He is; He is in the Church. The sun will dance there. The sun is not going to dance here." Mary looked thoughtful. "Perhaps you are right, Nellie; but I wouldn't like to miss seeing the sun dance. Mother says it is a beautiful sight."

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-lives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-lives". I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-lives" and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—try Fruit-a-lives and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

BETTER CROPS WITH LESS LABOR

Owing to the scarcity of labor all possible means should be adopted to economize labor. While many of these suggestions were obvious, their importance could not be too strongly emphasized if actual results were to be achieved on the year's operations. He, therefore, said as a first consideration the farmer should get ready for the year's crop before the snow disappears from the ground. The seed should be selected, cleaned, and got ready for spring sowing. In the great majority of cases it had been found that the seed which produced the best results was that grown in the locality where it would be used. In Ontario, generally speaking, there was a lot of good quality. At the College they had learned from a long series of experiments that "plump" seed gave much better results than small seed, but more seed would have to be used in sowing, as the plants from this class of seed were larger and more vigorous than from small seed.

PLANT AT THE RIGHT TIME

The next point made was the importance of planting the seed at the right time. Much had also been learned in this respect by experiments at the College. Briefly these results indicated that in the case of spring wheat it was important to get it in the ground just as quickly as the land could be worked. This should be immediately followed by oats. The barley should be put in next, then peas and beans. Getting the seed into the ground at the right time means an addition of bushels per acre.

BEANS SHOULD BE GROWN

Turning his attention to the crops that might be sown to advantage, Professor Zavitz urged an increased sowing of beans. Beans were grown extensively in Michigan and New York States, and it was reasonable to assume that Ontario, lying between them, could grow beans profitably. The bean was a highly concentrated food product, and the seed available in Ontario was comparatively free from disease. The variety that he thought could be used to best advantage was the common white pea bean. They are already grown to some extent in every county in the Province, and could be greatly extended with profit. Prevailing prices are high and will continue to be so as long as the War lasts. He very strongly urges the growing of more beans. The pea crop might also be increased, but he did not urge this strongly. Like the bean the pea was a concentrated food.

ROOM FOR MORE OATS

Another crop that could be increased to great advantage, said Professor Zavitz, was oats. The oat crop was exceedingly important. It was needed to feed our live stock, and live stock was greatly needed. The oat crop of Ontario was worth in value about one quarter of all farm crops. Reiterating his former advice about sowing good seed, he declared the farmer should insist on getting seed oats of a known variety. There was a limited supply of O. A. C. No. 72 oats; he understood the Dominion Government was arranging to get "Banner" seed oats from the West; in fact about 400,000 bushels had been collected for seed purposes in the terminal elevators. If the farmer could not secure these he suggested that No. 1 commercial seed oats be purchased, but on no account the ordinary commercial feeding oats. This point he strongly emphasized as being essential to success—first home grown seed and next western seed of known variety. Professor Zavitz warned the farmers against purchasing at a high price seed oats that were exploited by the United States seed houses, when the same quality of seed could be purchased in Ontario at from one-third to one quarter of the price.

THE POTATO SITUATION

At the request of the committee, Professor Zavitz referred briefly to the potato question. The existing high price of potatoes he thought would result in a great many people in cities and towns using vacant land for potato growing this year. This crop could also be very well extended because of its great food value. As to methods to be employed in sowing, he said, that best returns would be secured from sowing small, immature potatoes from good, healthy plants,

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. A. E. Provost, Ottawa; Hon. R. G. Beasley, Halifax; E. E. McKenna, Montreal; E. Fabre, Montreal; K. C. C. Montreal; Hugh Doherty, Montreal; E. W. Tolin, M.P., Brantford; Arthur Ferland, Haliburton; J. B. Duford, Ottawa. Edward Cass, Winnipeg; T. P. Phelan, Toronto; J. J. Lyons, Ottawa; Gordon Grant, G.E., Ottawa; Hon. G. F. Beaulieu, K.C., Montreal; Michael Connolly, Montreal; W. J. Poupore, ex-M.P., Montreal; Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa. Managing Director: B. G. Connolly Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT. NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your will, you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness. Our Booklet entitled "THE WILL THAT REALLY PROVIDES," is instructive. Write for a copy.

as distinguished from small potatoes of a poor variety. Large potatoes, when used, should be cut into pieces of about two ounces in weight. Experiments along this line had been conducted over a series of years, and the two ounce seed, under exactly similar conditions to one-ounce pieces and less, had given a yield of 177 bushels per acre. This was also demonstrated at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, where they got better results from potatoes from Indian Head than from places further south. Not because the potatoes came from Indian Head, but rather that the potatoes did not come to the same degree of maturity. Give first preference to your home grown seed by all means.

The weather conditions last year, said Professor Zavitz, were abnormal. Fortunately most of the seed in Ontario was free from disease. The labor shortage continued to be acute, and it could not well be overcome while the War lasted. But he was assured that if the suggestions that he had thrown out to the committee were adopted seriously by the farmers of Ontario, the seed prepared before the snow disappears, sowing done at the proper time, and "plump" seed selected, free from disease or blight, that the results to the farmers from this season's crop, given

reasonable weather conditions, would be astonishing to the farmers themselves and a great help to the country.

John R. Dargavel, M.P.P., was elected chairman and the members present showed a great interest in the discussion. Salvation comes to us through ourselves; through the full exercise of our sincerest efforts to be honest with ourselves, and, therefore, with all men; to be mindful always of the other members of the great human family whose destiny is dependent in some measure upon the attitude and actions of each individual; to be square in our dealings. Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things in life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand-clasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones, and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of everyday life means to their associates in the home, the church, the business place.

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved and Reduced

Mr. R. M. Remier, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that should be encouraging to others similarly afflicted. She suffered with badly swollen and inflamed veins (in fact one had broken), for more than seven years before she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faithfully applied for several weeks and, to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins left, it was all nicely healed, and has not bothered me since. Absorbine, Jr., is an antiseptic liniment—healing, cooling, and soothing. Safe and pleasant to use. \$1.00 and \$2.00 at your druggist's or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c. in stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 299 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Chemically Self-Extinguishing

What do these words mean to You? They mean Greater Safety in the Home. Perhaps you have noticed these words on our new "Silent Parlor" Match Boxes. The splints of all Matches contained in these boxes have been soaked in a solution which renders them dead wood, once they have been lighted and blow out hereby reducing the danger of FIRE from glowing matches to the greatest minimum. Safety First and Always—Use Eddy's "Silent 5s"

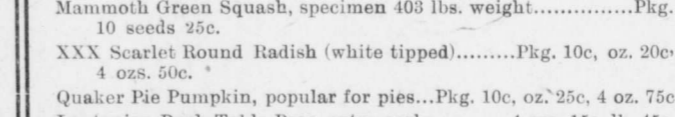
Perhaps you have noticed these words on our new "Silent Parlor" Match Boxes. The splints of all Matches contained in these boxes have been soaked in a solution which renders them dead wood, once they have been lighted and blow out hereby reducing the danger of FIRE from glowing matches to the greatest minimum. Safety First and Always—Use Eddy's "Silent 5s"

FISH NETS

WE SELL NETS AND KETTLES WRITE FOR PRICES GUNS, TRAPS, SPORTING GOODS JOHN HALLAM, Limited 431 HALLAM BUILDING - TORONTO

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write for free. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street Toronto, Canada

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected Copper and East India Tin. Famous for their rich tones, volume and durability. Guaranteed. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada. Estab. 1837. 602 & Second St. CINCINNATI, O.

EARN \$10 A WEEK AT HOME The Hosiery trade is booming Help to meet the huge demand Industrious persons provided with profitable all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for particulars, rates of pay, etc. Send 3c stamp. Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd. Dept. 2158; 257 College St., Toronto.

BRUCE'S CLOVERS GRASSES AND SEED GRAINS Write for our illustrated Catalogue, which is FREE. WE have No. 1, 2 and 3 grades of Red, Alsike, and Lucerne Clovers; also Timothy in stock; also Sweet and Crimson Clover, Blue and Orchard Grass, Oats, Barley and Corn, and practically everything the farmer plants. JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Limited Seed Merchants Established 1850 HAMILTON, ONT.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM.
The only well known medium priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.
E.W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

NEWFOUNDLAND'S RESPONSE IN WAR

THE MOST REV. PATRICK E. ROCHE TELLS OF HIS ISLAND

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, March 25

Lying far out in the Atlantic covering the maw of the St. Lawrence Gulf almost as a carelessly raised fist might hide a yawning mouth, is the most ancient colony of the British Empire. To many of those in the United States it is the Island of Newfoundland, looked upon as a part of Canada, and its position so little understood that Canada is the name more generally applied to it. To some others, it is known that Newfoundland is an independent province, owing allegiance alone and directly to England, and essentially a little world unto itself. To but a few is the colony really known, so that the vague ideas which credit it with being a sportsman's paradise, a place ripe for commercial development, of no particular present account save for some more or less important fisheries, may be accepted as virtually the prevailing thought of Americans about it.

But the island which looks so comparatively tiny on most maps is much more than this, and now, in the days when all that is British is fighting for a principle that is the British Empire, Newfoundland is taking its part in world affairs and is being mentioned even in official dispatches for the valor of the entire regiment the colony is maintaining at the front. Out of a population that numbers roundly 250,000, Newfoundland has already sent forth between 5,000 and 6,000 men to battle for the Empire, has equipped them for the field, and is caring for them and their dependents. Also there are 2,000 Newfoundlanders in Canadian regiments, making a total of over 7,000 soldiers at the front from the colony.

Just what Newfoundland is doing and some general information as to just what Newfoundland is were told yesterday by His Grace, the Most Rev. Patrick Edward Roche, Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, in an interview given during a brief stay in Manhattan. The Archbishop, a big, commanding figure, looking more the man of affairs than the churchman in figure, with a strong face in which seemed to be cast a shrewd, kindly twinkle, was modest to the extreme in relating the story of his country's participation in the great War, but it needed little imagination to picture the glory that was hers and the sacrifices that have been laid upon the altar of patriotism.

"You know, we don't consider ourselves a great part of the world," said His Grace, "but we are a great deal larger than a good many people think and our population is by no means the handful that some people think. We have, roughly, a population of 250,000, widely scattered, for our territory covers some 42,000 square miles. The people are almost entirely of Irish, Scotch and English descent, and there is a pretty equal division of these races.

NO SUCH THING AS UNEMPLOYMENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

"Unlike Canada, we have had no native Englishmen to answer the call the Empire has made. There is virtually no immigration to Newfoundland, and immigration hasn't been a factor for many, many years. Whatever increase there has been in the population for years has been the natural increase. Therefore, the call of the Empire has been peculiarly a call to Newfoundlanders, not a call to Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotchmen. For another thing, the appeal has not been to congested centers of population, where one could reckon on a considerable number of unemployed. There isn't any such thing as unemployment in Newfoundland and those men who have gone to the front from our country have gone from active life in the community.

"Thus far, between 5,000 and 6,000 have enlisted. The First Newfoundland Regiment went to England in the first months of the War for training, completed their training in Scotland, and then took part in the Dardanelles expedition. They did not suffer there as some of the other regiments did, because Newfoundlanders, following the sea, are used to hardships and stood the rigors of the Dardanelles well. The regiment was pretty nearly intact when it returned to England and was despatched to the front in France. There it was practically wiped out.

"This was when it took part in the big British drive of last July. Our Newfoundland men were among the leaders in this. They went out of the trenches and over the parapet 900 strong, and only 80 of them returned. The rest were either killed, wounded, or missing. I talked with some of the survivors

when they returned to Newfoundland and they told me they believed the regiment must have been sacrificed to keep the enemy busy while the main attack was being made elsewhere. The men knew they were being sacrificed. They had been told they were to charge, and before the order to move came they found a perfect storm of bullets cutting the top of the sand bags in front of them. To clamber over that parapet in that hail of lead was certain death, but the regiment moved as one man when the word came. So deadly was the fire that most of the men were hit before they got beyond our own entanglements.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SOLDIERS COUNTED AMONG BRITAIN'S BEST

"The regiment had its revenge, however, for after it had been recruited up to its full strength once more, it led the way again last October, and captured the first German trenches in that drive. The valor and efficiency of the Newfoundlanders has been mentioned in official orders and they are ranked as among the best fighting men in the Empire and are attached to the crack Twenty-ninth Division—England's most famous fighting division.

"The War has come home to us as it has to all the rest of the Empire, but as seldom we have felt no economic stress, although the expense of maintaining our troops in the field and caring for their families has been very great. Our debt is now about \$35,000,000—rather sizable for a country such as ours, but one that our people most certainly can take care of, and far and away from affecting our prosperity."

"Newfoundland, then, isn't feeling the pinch of hard times?" the Archbishop asked.

"No, indeed," said His Grace. "You must understand that Newfoundland's prosperity depends chiefly on her fisheries. If the fishing season has been good, everything is all right; if poor, the whole country feels the pinch. And last year we had one of our best years of fish and shall have, at the end of the present fiscal year, the largest surplus in revenue for many years.

"That does not mean that Newfoundland has no other industries. We have, as perhaps you know, an important industry in the paper pulp mills at Grand Falls, on the Exploits, and the iron mines on Bell Island, in Conception Bay, are widely known. The paper mills give employment to perhaps several thousand people and the iron mines to as many more. Bell Island is almost all iron. The ore is, perhaps, not of a high grade, but it is very easily mined. The Bell Island iron deposits are among the most remarkable in the world, for there are whole mountains of iron ore there.

"Newfoundland's fish, it may be supposed, are helping a great deal to relieve the food shortage in England?"

"This question was asked quite casually of His Grace, and the answer to it was surprising. It emphasized how little Americans really know of this island country to the north, that lies nearest of the new world to the old.

"The market for our fish up to the present time has been chiefly Brazil and the countries of Southern Europe," said the Archbishop. "The amount of the annual exports I do not know for I haven't the figures with me, but they have, of course, been considerable. Now, however, the tendency is to make France our chief market."

The Archbishop related that the importance of the fishing industry to Newfoundland was reflected in the way the country's population is distributed. He told how the Reid Newfoundland Railway had been built across the Island, but that it didn't go directly but first touched a large number of the bays—for that is where our people are found—on the coast at the threshold of their work.

"From a religious viewpoint Newfoundland has a number of denominations," said His Grace, "the largest in number being the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans and the Methodists. They live and work in common with the smaller denominations side by side in the utmost harmony, having an equal voice in the Government."

"Newfoundland has its own colonial Government, in which there is a Cabinet of nine Ministers. One of them, the Premier, is the chief factor. We have two Houses of Parliament, a House of Assembly, consisting of 36 members elected from 18 districts and the Legislative Council of 24 members appointed by the Crown upon the recommendation of the Ministers. They are always Newfoundlanders.

NEWFOUNDLAND MAY ACQUIRE TWO FRENCH ISLANDS

Archbishop Roche was unable to express any opinion as to whether Newfoundland might acquire, as one outcome of the War, the two islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon that lie just south of the central coast of the

big island and that are the sole remaining possessions of France in the northern Empire that was once hers. "It is rather an anomaly to have those two French islands so close to us," said the Archbishop. "In former years when France played an important part in the Newfoundland fisheries—there was quite an issue about it, you may remember, until the matter was settled by treaty a few years ago—St. Pierre and Miquelon were thriving communities. Their former glory is pretty much departed for there are few French fishing boats that come over now. Because of the rather minor importance of these islands it might be an after-war possibility that France may cede them to us, in view of the relationship that now exists between England and France."

In this connection the Archbishop was reminded that there was much discussion of the likelihood of Newfoundland's joining with Canada.

"We are regarded here in the States almost universally as being a province of our great and powerful neighbor, the Dominion of Canada. Such is not the case. We are a separate colony—the oldest British colony in fact—with our own colonial institutions, absolutely autonomous, with an independent, responsible government."

"But is there more than talk to the assertions that Newfoundland would be a part of the Dominion some day?"

"That is a leading question, and is likewise a very delicate one," said the Archbishop. "From time to time there are rumors in political circles of union with Canada, but should the issue ever become a live one it will be for the decision of the people themselves."

Archbishop Roche related that although there is no present pressing food problem in the colony, there is now considerable thought given for agriculture. "You can't have the two things together—fishing and agriculture," said His Grace. "And, of course, Newfoundland's climate is not conducive to the best results in agriculture. Our summer is very short and very late. We have a long, cold spring, but considerable attention has been given to agriculture of late years with a great deal of success. This year an special appeal was made to the people to cultivate the soil in view of the fact that so much of the world is suffering from the lack of the commoner items of food."

"Newfoundland is dependent to a great extent on the United States. Our imports from the States amount to about \$7,000,000 annually, while we receive from Canada only about \$5,000,000."

KINKORA IRISHMEN

At a meeting held Sunday, March 25th, 1917, at Kinkora, at which M. J. Crowley was appointed Chairman and P. J. Finegan Secretary, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Moved by Andrew Kelly, seconded by Lawrence Crowley, that we the men of Kinkora, at a meeting assembled to the number of two hundred, while affirming our loyalty to the British Empire and all true British Institutions, look with dismay and sorrow on the action of the British Cabinet in delaying the enactment of the Irish Home Rule Bill; and most emphatically endorse the action taken by Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, in his endeavor to unite all lovers of freedom and justice, in an appeal to the Mother of Parliaments, to keep faith with Ireland and not treat the Irish Home Rule Bill as a Scrap of Paper.

MICHAEL J. CROWLEY, Chairman.
P. J. FINEGAN, Secretary.

AN OUTRAGE ON THE FRENCH CLERGY

A measure has just passed the French Parliament and Senate that constitutes a further outrage on the French clergy. By its authority all the priests from thirty-six to forty-eight years of age who have hitherto been employed in the Army Medical Corps are now to be drafted into the regular army.

When the Army Conscription for all Frenchmen became law, all priests under thirty-six years of age were obliged to enter the army like the rest of the population; but those from thirty-six to forty-eight years were assigned to the Army Medical Corps to be employed as stretcher-bearers on the battlefield or in the hospitals.

There are 12,000 priests amongst the 170,000 persons who attend the wounded on the field of battle and in the hospitals. It is a priceless blessing for the wounded and dying to be attended by those who are not only skilled in the aids to the healing of their bodily sufferings, but can also give them much more, the spiritual assistance for the benefit of their souls. Yet, according to it, on that very account, a M. Sixte-Quenin—who openly publishes his hatred of religion and his determination to strike the clergy on every opportunity—had a clause inserted in the new Conscription Law—raising the age for military service in France from sixteen to sixty years—that abrogated the military laws of 1889 and 1916, which appointed the clergy who were between the ages of thirty-six and forty-eight to the Army Medical Corps.

During the War discussions on military laws are not allowed in the French Parliament, and M. Sixte-Quenin had the support of the various sections which have carried

the laws against the Church during the past decade. In the French Senate M. de Lamarzelle appealed to the Senators to reject Sixte-Quenin's amendment. He pointed out that the number of clergy employed to attend the wounded on the field of battle and in the hospitals was very small compared with the number that are so engaged.

In the Russian, Rumanian, Servian, and Italian armies the clergy from thirty-six to forty-eight, as in France, are engaged in the Army Medical Corps and in the hospitals; in Great Britain the clergy are entirely exempt from military service; those who are engaged as chaplains or in the Red Cross Associations are all volunteers. He reminded them that between thirty to forty thousand clerics were in the army of the fighting lines; 2,000 had already made the supreme sacrifice; 3,754 have been decorated or mentioned in despatches, some of them six or seven times. The motives for the change in the military laws are not patriotic, but impelled by hatred of religion in its crudest form that will deprive the wounded soldiers of their greatest consolation, viz., the ministrations of the ministers of religion at the moment their life-blood is ebbing for their country.

M. de Lamarzelle appealed in vain; the Senate confirmed the infamy of the Parliament, and the dying French soldier is spoiled of yet another of the few rights left him—except to die for an irreligious and ungrateful country—Catholic Herald.

ON CALVARY

She stood beneath the cross!
Her pale lips mute;
Her tearful eyes upturned;
While in her sinless bosom, deep,
A nameless anguish burned.
The sword, prophetic, rent
Her mother's heart,
And wrung it unto death:
Aye, more than martyr's mortal pang,
She bore with every breath.

Her soul, transfixed with thorn, and nail, and spear,
Was crucified with her dear Son;
And yet again, as to the angels:
Went up her heart's response:
"Thy will be done!"

—AVE

When advertising pays the good advertiser, he can afford to pay for space, and the paper can then afford to more nearly meet your reading needs. Don't you see how the habit of actual buying on your part from the advertisers in this paper will reach in several ways? The next step is to do it.

A PROTESTANT WAY OF THE CROSS

Dr. Pusey, it is said, was not wont to recommend the rosary to his penitents. It was apt, he thought, to make "Romanists." One wonders what Dr. Pusey would have thought of "the revival of an ancient devotion in St. Paul's." St. Paul's being a Protestant Episcopal church in New York, and "the ancient devotion," the public Way of the Cross. True, it is but a mutilated rite which our Protestant brethren are employing; for, with an assumption of authority which no bishop placed in his see by the mere successor of St. Peter would arrogate, the parochial clergy have reduced to ten the number of stations fixed at fourteen by Clement XII. Whether or not these same kindly gentlemen have made similar concessions in regard to the indulgences which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached to this beautiful prayer, is not stated.

Catholics will regard this "revival" with mingled sadness and hope. Few of the many devotions which enrich the piety of the Faithful, are more intimately connected with the mystery of the Redemption; few have a stronger appeal to the heart of every Catholic, than the well-loved stations. Reaching back to the days of the Crusades, when his forefathers gave up everything to rescue the earthly scenes consecrated by Our Saviour's Passion from the hands of the infidel, the Way of the Cross in many forms has been followed by centuries of Catholic devotion. It is the open book from which learned and ignorant, saint and sinner, have read with understanding the story of the consuming love of the Sacred Heart for sinful man. The Crucifix, the Sorrows of Mary, the Seven Words, and all the holy cycle of devotion to the Sacred Passion, are the Catholic's heritage, associated with his deepest moments of piety. Because of them he has borne obloquy, even the name of "idolater," given him by Protestants, who proscribed them as a positive hindrance to God's purpose. It is to be hoped that this "revival of an ancient devotion" will also have the effect attributed with good reason by Dr. Pusey to the rosary, of making "Romanists." Every Catholic will pray that serious med-

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
Original Charter 1854

"Everything comes to him who saves his Money while he waits."
Economists' Calendar.

Save closely a dollar at a time, until you have enough in the Bank to take advantage of a secure investment yielding an attractive rate of interest. Dominion Government Bonds now offer unusual opportunities for the small investor.

Full Compound Interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards.

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA

Local Offices: LONDON, 394 Richmond St. (Opposite Smallman & Ingram's)
KOMOKA THORNDALE DELTORO MELBOURNE LAWRENCE STATION

itation on the sweet story of Christ's suffering for us, may lead many a pious soul to true reverence for the Mother whom Christ gave us from the Cross, and through her intercession, to an unreserved submission to the Church, the Mystical Body of Him Who for our sins was hanged upon the bitter Tree—America.

Catholic brethren in the Philippines. They cannot in honor stand by and see them robbed of the Faith, nor rest indifferent to the deadly peril which threatens the peace and the happiness and purity of their homes. A divorce law foisted upon the Philippines is the worst of slaveries—America.

REMAILING OF CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada is in receipt of the following letter from a remote point in New Brunswick under date Feb. 18th, 1917.

The Catholic Truth Society, Toronto. My Dear Sir: Last summer I wrote to your office stating that I lived in an isolated part of N. B., and I asked that my name be forwarded to some person who might be kind enough to forward me some Catholic reading matter.

I write to tell you that I have been the recipient of The Catholic Register, and a number of copies of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart from Mrs. — of — Ont., and to thank you for the great favor which you have done for me, and which I owe to the zeal of your noble Society. Living one and a half miles from nearest neighbor and blessed with a family of nine children, whom I hope to be able to rear good Catholic citizens, you know well what a great aid Catholic reading is to such a purpose.

Thanking you again, I am, Very respectfully yours, N. B.

This is one of many such letters received and is a particularly good illustration of the good that may be accomplished through the remailing of Catholic newspapers and magazines. The Society will be glad to receive the names of persons who would like to join in this good work. Address inquiries to the office of the Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

THE PHILIPPINE DIVORCE LAW

Forgetting that it is to the Catholic Church that the people of the Philippines owe all the civilization and culture which they possess, and that it was due to her wise and salutary marriage laws, that the women of the islands have been emancipated from the thraldom in which they were formerly held, Manuel Quezon made a fierce onslaught some time ago in the Senate which he opposed the iniquitous divorce bill which he and his supporters were endeavoring to fasten upon their fellow-citizens. He bitterly assailed both the Bishops and the Jesuits who had dared to protest against the measure and raised the old cry, which has done such yeoman service for the enemies of the Faith, that they were meddling in politics and trying to dictate the policy of the Government. The Manila Daily Bulletin gives the speech in full. It does not afford a single valid argument for the passage of the measure, and relies evidently for the impression it seems to have made upon the Senate, on its virulence and its hollow rhetoric. Manuel Quezon is proving himself an unpatriotic and dangerous demagogue. He is working for a measure which, as Senator Capistrano told the Senate, is not wanted by the majority of the Philippine people, and which if passed, will sap the very foundations of society and of the home. The fearless Catholic paper, Libertas, made a splendid fight for the rejection of the bill and unmasked the sophistries and illogical arguments of Quezon and his party. There is a lesson in all this. American Catholics should take a deeper interest in the welfare of their

MARY CONNOY

Miss Mary Connoy, who was buried last week in St. Thomas, was a sister of Sister Mary Francis of the Precious Blood Monastery of this city.

The bereaved family is one that has done more than its share in the War. Lance Corporal Leo Connoy of the first and sixth Gloucestershire Regiment enlisted here, but was rejected as medically unfit. Determined to do his bit he went to England as a munition worker and there enlisted as indicated above. He was reported wounded and missing after an action on August 21st, 1916, and no further information as to his fate has been ascertainable. Another brother, James, is in the Machine Gun Section of the 91st C. E. F.; while a third, Louis, has recently joined the Royal Aviation training corps, Toronto.

DIED

MURRAY.—At Cayuga, Ont., Mrs. John Murray, aged seventy-two years. May her soul rest in peace.

HANLEY.—At the residence of her son-in-law, E. J. Murphy, 235 Hyman street, this city, on Thursday, March 22, 1917, Mary, beloved wife of John Hanley, aged eighty three years. May her soul rest in peace.

Before Insuring Your Life
PLEASE OBTAIN THE RATES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK
73 years honorable record; no stockholders to pay dividends to; all the profits go to the policyholders. No tying up your profits for 5, 10 or 20 years. Dividends paid annually, while you are alive to receive them.

LONDON OFFICE
Royal Bank Building, 2nd Floor
TAKE THE ELEVATOR

WANTED
WANTED POSITION AS PRIEST'S HOUSE-KEEPER. An experienced person desires position as housekeeper for a priest. Recommendations given. Apply Box 1, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 3967-2.

HELP WANTED
WANTED AS HOUSEKEEPER A CATHOLIC lady of thirty-five or forty, who can take care of a house. Small family and a good home. Address Box 468 Simcoe, Ont. 3967-1

KALOMITE
NEW MONEY-MAKING MARVEL STRANGE scientific discovery. Kalomite revolutionizes clothes washing ideas; positively abolishes rubbing, washboards and washing machines; 1,000 guaranteed; absolutely harmless; women astonished; territory protection. The Arma Company, 21 Provincial Lane, Montreal. 3966-4.

MISSION SUPPLIES
A DISTINCT SPECIALTY
BEST TERMS
W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD.
123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

MEMORIAL WINDOWS
ENGLISH ART GLASS
STAINED GLASS
LYON GLASS CO.
141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, ONT.

ALL STEEL FIRE PROOF VESTRY CABINET, \$20
To hold your Censers, Charcoal, etc.

PATENTED CATAFALQUE
SPECIAL PRICE, \$10

PALLS
No. 1, Velvet \$25. No. 2, Felt \$15

J. J. M. LANDY
405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Catholic Books
LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA
CATALOGUES FREE
W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD.
123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

ST. THOMAS LIBRARY
50c. Each, Postpaid
50 Copies, \$20.00 (4)
100 " " " " " "

Agatha's Hand Sowing, by Rosa Mulholland. A study in heredity, not cluttered in a dry scientific way, but overlaid with all the romance of "The Lotus and the Wind" and "The Story of the Heart." Between Friends, by Richard Auerie. Joe Gavin is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and is a true hero. He carries a sword and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many experiences in his city, is arrested as a thief, escapes, and returns from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggaman. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstances to leave behind St. Peter's and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is against him, but his honesty and perseverance win him a place at the top.

Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugene Delamar. The story of a struggle among bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of adversity. The trips of various places of interest will be found instructive.

Clare Lorraine, by "Lee." Clare's cutting up at home determines her to go to college. She meets among the gentle nuns, there to have her harmonium propensities soothed, if possible, Clare is not in the convent two hours before things begin to happen.

Freddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J. This is a college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventure story.

Freddy Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J. Freddy the most mischievous, reckless, masterful together with his companions, to whom these epithets are equally applicable, are studied at a few days college. In consequence of their pranks, they require to join themselves to a "scrap," the clearing up of which teaches them many a useful lesson.

Harmony Flats, The Girls of a Tenement House Fairy by S. S. Whitmore. The author's sympathies are for the poor. He carries an orphan, neglected child, forced by relentless circumstances into the city streets, and through the New York tenement house, is wonderfully true.

Heroes of Cromwell, The Guy Countess Hahn-Hahn. An exquisite tale of life and love told in a touching simple words.

Her Journey's End, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousies, and of sublime devotion.

Honor of the House, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Mrs. Fraser is a sister of Marion Crawford).

How They Worked Their Way, and Other Stories, by E. J. Murphy. Short stories, which carry an insight into the lives of the ordinary surroundings of child life in the city and country to the best intended mark.

Isle of the Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antin, by Raoul de Navery. The story is a remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand.

In Quest of the Golden Chest, by George Barton. An absorbing tale of real adventure—young first, vital. To the boy who loves his adventure, the Jack Sack and Some Other Jacks, by David Bearer, S. J. Elders as well as junior may read it with both profit and pleasure.

Jack Hildeth On The Nile, by Marion Ames Taggart. Jack Hildeth, the hero of the story, has been rescued after a long absence, and he is the kind of hero that is dear to the boy's heart, young and manly, and full of life and daring in disposition, and at the same time thoroughly upright and honest.

James O'Connell, by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which the rough, poorly bred, bad minded boy puts himself against the boy of sterling character and high intelligence. This is really a new style of Catholic tale.

Klondike Plunge, by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. Here find a camp fitted up with a stove, and all apparatus for fishing, bathing, or otherwise idling away a holiday. The story is made by the reading of letters from real gold seekers on the trail to Dawson City.

Lady Of The Tower, and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories, which are full of interest and taste. The volume contains fifteen stories which are worthy to live in short-story literature. Most of them are delicate and beautiful. The golden stories of adventure or mystery.

Mystery of the Hall, The, by Anna T. Sadler. Anna T. Sadler's story is a masterpiece of mystery. It is unrivaled in the story is finished, in contrast to it is Mayfair's mystery. The story is a heart-rending one, and it is a masterpiece of the art of the people who are destined to penetrate the secrets that have such a blighting effect on their own.

Mystery of Cleve, by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. Tell of a career of a youth who is thrown upon his own resources by the sudden death of his father under a cloud of suspicion as to his guilt. The boy is a splendid set, interested in his tasks and games and not above an occasional game of cards.

New Scholar At Anne's, The, by Marion J. Brunow. A jolly story. There is a convent school almost about the name of the story, appealing to any one who has spent even a short time in such a home of kindly interest to the pupils.

Petronilla, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnell. The story is a masterpiece of mystery. Every one of them has a very interesting plot worked out with dramatic skill.

Playwater Plot, by Rev. Thos. H. Waggaman. There is a plot on foot to abduct Lett L'voadar, a sick boy, who is a millionaire twice over, for ransom. How the plot is foiled, and the boy is rescued, makes a very interesting story, which is sure to please the young and old alike.

Pover na, by Evelyne Buckenham. This is an optimistic, entertaining story that will appeal to girls of all ages. The besting of a vile enemy is at sixes and sevens, but after passing through a very dark night, a bright day dawns for Pover na.

Queen's Promise, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The little heroine of this story, who is taken from her convent home by her uncle, an inveterate bigot against everything Catholic, succeeds in finding an approach to his unrepentant heart. She is finally reunited to her father, a supposed victim of a storm at sea, and her way is opened to life, love and happiness.

Sealed Packet, The, by Marion J. Brunow. A cleverly contrived story, which contains exceptional moral and some delightful pictures of School Life. An excellent book for either School or Home Library.

Shipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of relief, in close confinement. The story is a masterpiece of suspense, and there the family take up their quarters. How the excursions in his little boat, which brings back the roses to Pip's cheeks, get them acquainted with Roving Bob, and the results, makes very fascinating reading.

John Bound, by Eleanor C. Donnell. A Romance of Shell Beach. A story telling of the experiences and how nine persons amused themselves during the winter months in a small town. Talisman, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The young hero of this story is mixed up with the saving of the famous Connecticut charter preserved in the town of Hartford from an Indian massacre, and is taken prisoner.

Told in the Twilight, by Mother M. Salome. Mother Salome has gone to the Lives of the Saints and the women of early Christian history, and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Temporarily they are laid out before us.

Transplanting of Tensie, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The story is a masterpiece of mystery. It is a religious principle, may exercise in a circle where such influences have not previously been at work in the ground idea of the story. It is most interestingly worked out through a succession of dramatic incidents.

Treasure of Nurt Mountain, The, by Marion A. Taggart. The ride for life from the lake of petroleum with horse and rider clogged by the fierce onrush of the boy Harry, is a piece of word-painting which has few counterparts in the language.

Winnetou, The Apache Knight, by Marion A. Taggart. In the present volume Jack Hildeth goes West, meets Winnetou under tragic circumstances, is captured by him and becomes fast friends. He is shown through chapters of breathless interest.

Woodburn, By Colonel Jos. Mago. A Novel of the Revolutionary Times in Virginia and Maryland.